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## THE CHARTISTS OF 1842 AND THE REFORMERS OF 1867.

FOR those who are acquainted with Lord Macaulay's speeches, there is nothing new in the trenchant and characteristic letter to Mr. Anderson which has just been published. It is little more than a vigorous summary of the arguments which he used in the House of Commons during the debate upon the Chartist petition in 1842; and although its publication at the present time is in one sense "appropriate," it is so by way of pointing a contrast rather than of suggesting a parallel. Nothing, indeed, can be more absurd, or more unjust to the writer, than to represent it as giving the weight of his authority to the refusal of a large and liberal measure of Parliamentary Reform. We might on general grounds have been tolerably certain that had Lord Macaulay been living now, he would still have been found acting cordially with his old political friends. But we are not left to speculation on this point, since we possess a distinct statement of his opinions. In addressing his constituents on his re-election to Parliament in 1852, he declared that it would be the duty of the Liberal Ministry, whom he hoped soon to see in power, to consider whether small constituent bodies, notoriously corrupt and proved to be corrupt, should retain the power of sending members to Parliament; whether small constituent bodies even less notoriously corrupt ought to have in the councils of the empire a share as great as that of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and twice as great as that of the county of Perth; and whether it might not be possible, without the smallest danger to peace, law, and order, to extend the elective franchise to classes of the community which did not then (and do not now) enjoy it. And then, after stating that he still retained his former objections to universal suffrage, he added that he nevertheless looked forward, and at no very remote period, to an extension of the franchise such as he once thought unsafe. It is clear, therefore, that Lord Macaulay was very far from thinking our institutions perfect; that he did not share Mr. Lowe's dread of innovation; and that he clearly recognised the necessity of carrying forward the great work of the Reform Bill by the enfranchisement of a considerable portion of the working classes. What he was opposed to in the House of Commons in 1842, and what he denounced in his letter written in 1846, was a scheme not of Reform but of Revolution; nor is there a stronger argument in favour of a moderate but substantial extension of the suffrage at the present time than that which is furnished by the change which has come over the spirit of the working classes during the quarter of a century which has elapsed since the great Chartist agitation under Feargus O'Connor. At that time discontent was rife in the country. A stringent protective system had crippled our commerce, and diminished the people's means of subsistence. A long series of bad harvests had developed to the fullest extent the effects of stupid and ignorant legislation. The mills of Lancashire and Yorkshire were stopped, or were running short time; the factories of Birmingham were idle; the coal-pits of Staffordshire and Wales no longer furnished their usual employment to the rough but hard-working inhabitants of these districts. Two or three years before, the miners of South Wales had broken out into something which, but for its insignificance, we should call a rebellion, under Frost, Williams,

and Jones; and the presentation of the so-called National petition was preceded, accompanied, and followed by meetings at which the most seditious language was openly employed, at which a resort to physical force was freely advocated, and at which theories utterly subversive of the existing order of society were propounded by mischievous and dishonest agitators to starving auditors. The movement of that day was not so much one of a political as a social character. It was the writhing of a whole people under privation which was well-nigh intolerable,—a cry of despair against evils for which Parliament either could not or would not provide a remedy. Under such circumstances it was not wonderful that men should, without much consideration, set their hands to any "hubbub of words"—as Macaulay called the National Petition—in which their leaders assured them that measures calculated to give them relief were propounded. But it was equally natural that all men of sense and speech should oppose themselves, in the most direct and emphatic manner, to schemes which were evidently destructive, and which it was sought to impose upon Parliament by the menace of insurrection. A couple of extracts from the Petition in question will show better than any amount of description what were the views of the Chartists of 1842, and how completely Macaulay was justified in his emphatic denunciation of them. "Your petitioners complain that they are enormously taxed to pay the interest of the National Debt—a debt amounting to 800 millions, being only a portion of the enormous amount expended in cruel and expensive wars for the suppression of all liberty by men not authorized by the people, and who consequently had no right to tax posterity for the outrages committed by them upon mankind." Again, they say that "nothing will unshackle labour from its misery until the people possess that power under which all monopoly and oppression must cease; and your petitioners respectfully mention the existing monopolies of the suffrage, of paper money, of machinery, of land, of the public press, of religion, of the means of travelling and transit, and a host of other evils too numerous to mention, all arising from class legislation." This (and not merely "universal suffrage," as the *Times* carelessly says) was "the Chartist system," which Macaulay declared "would make Great Britain in three generations as barbarous an island as Madagascar." Parliament cannot be blamed for refusing to parley with men who held such language, and who distinctly avowed that they only wanted the suffrage in order to ruin the country. But it is one thing to refuse to listen to a demand for universal suffrage (unaccompanied in those days even by a residential qualification), and another to reject a measure for conferring the franchise upon a limited number of the most respectable working men in the country.

It is almost unnecessary—after the facts to which we have referred, and the extracts we have quoted—to point out the wide difference which exists between the Chartists of 1842 and even the most advanced Reformers of the present day. A good deal of nonsense is talked at the meetings of the Reform League and at the assembly of trades' delegates over which Mr. George Potter presides. Many foolish and intemperate speeches have been delivered during the course of the recent demonstrations—and it is perfectly certain that this will happen on all similar occasions. But throughout the present agitation there is no trace of that socialism or communism which was so



marked a feature in the Petition of 1842, and which was so rife amongst the working classes about that time. Whatever has been said about grievances which the extension of the franchise was expected to remove, has been of the most moderate kind. Mr. Bright has dwelt now and then upon the propriety of repealing the law of primogeniture and abolishing or restricting the system of entail; but we do not observe that the working classes themselves now seem to care much for "the monopoly of land." Instead of demanding the repudiation of the National Debt, unlimited currency, and the confiscation of the railway and canal property of the country, they now ask for a better system of education, amendment of the poor-laws, a more just law of master and servant, and the provision of improved dwellings for the labouring classes of our large cities. Now it may or may not be expedient to legislate as they wish on these points, but it can hardly be said that any serious harm would be done even if they were to have their own way on every one. This, however, is not likely to happen, unless the course suggested is one which approves itself to the judgment of the country generally. The men who followed Feargus O'Connor undoubtedly desired to "swamp" the middle, higher, and more educated classes. They not only clamoured for the extension of the suffrage to every adult male, whether he had or had not a residence, but they really meant to stand out for this extreme measure. But the working classes of the present day have shown by their willingness to accept Mr. Gladstone's Bill that they have no desire, beyond a fair share of influence in the country and a fair recognition of their right, to enter within the pale of the constitution. It may be said, indeed, that all the recent meetings have passed resolutions in favour of manhood suffrage. But although this is quite true, these resolutions are very far from meaning the same thing, as did the resolutions of the Chartists in favour of universal suffrage. They are rather the expressions of what those who frame them regard as the ultimate and perfect state of things, than the measure of their present expectations from Parliament. They are generally accompanied by speeches which intimate that although matters may come to this if the Legislature obstinately persists in refusing all Reform, yet that an honest and substantial instalment will be gratefully and frankly accepted if it be promptly given. We should have heard little or nothing about manhood suffrage at the present time if the House of Commons had not so conducted itself as to convince the country that the only way to get anything is to ask for a great deal more than is really wanted. The people see that as successive Liberal Governments have diminished the scope of their Reform Bills, Parliament has shown increased dislike to any Reform at all. And, after the rejection of the measure of the late Government, it is difficult to deny that they have good ground for thinking that if the question is to be settled by any tolerable compromise, the people must begin by showing themselves as exacting as their opponents are unwilling. It is not now the time to discuss the nature or the extent of that compromise, but that there is no disinclination to accept one is plain enough, not only from the speeches at meetings, but from all that we hear of the feelings and opinions of the working classes. That some concession to their wishes must be made is admitted by all prudent politicians; and it is, therefore, obviously the wisest course, both from a Liberal and a Conservative point, to make the concession so promptly as to prevent mere talk about manhood suffrage growing into a serious demand, which it might be difficult to resist. Our legislators have at present no justification for adopting the firm and defiant attitude which was appropriate enough when the Chartists were to be dealt with; for, although many foolish things have been said by the noisy busybodies who have pushed themselves into the most conspicuous, if not the most influential places in the agitation, and although the Reform League, with its characteristic facility for blundering, did lately sanction a most objectionable project for presenting petitions to the House of Commons, there is not the slightest reason to believe that the working classes as a body have any real desire to overawe that assembly by demonstrations of physical force such as those which took place twenty-five years ago. The tone and temper of the times are different; and even if working men wished to intimidate Parliament, they may be credited with sense enough to know that the other classes have both the will and the strength to prevent anything of the kind. It is absurd for Conservatives and reactionists to confound demonstrations which have been called forth by taunting allusions to the "apathy" of the unenfranchised, with previous demonstrations which had no such provocation, and which were surrounded with circumstances that gave them anything but a legal and constitutional character. On the other hand, it is important that Reformers should refrain from doing or saying anything which can lend

an apparent sanction to the misrepresentation of the Tory press. We quite agree with the *Edinburgh Review* that the leaders of the advanced party have committed a blunder in the tone and demeanour they have assumed towards the House of Commons. In spite of faults and shortcomings, that body does after all command the respect of the great mass of Englishmen. Even those who wish to see it reformed, will not allow it to be degraded. Undue depreciation of its services and merits is certain to provoke a reaction in favour of its defects; and any attempt to subject it to the pressure of mobs or of monster meetings in its immediate neighbourhood, would be as futile as it would be wicked. The Reformers of the present day are very different men from those whose projects and conduct Lord Macaulay denounced; and they must not allow Mr. Baxter Langley, or any other politician of the same stamp, to obscure this plain fact by making wild speeches, or by projecting still wilder demonstrations.

#### THE COMPLICATION IN MEXICO.

It has been ascertained that the reply of the French Emperor to what is called in Washington "Mr. Seward's five-thousand-dollar despatch," was a telegram to the Marquis de Montholon in nearly the following words:—"If the United States insists upon forcing matters in the withdrawal of our troops, France can but consult her honour in this connection." There is reason also to believe that the Marquis afterwards notified Mr. Seward that the intervention of the United States in the affairs of Mexico, in violation of the plain agreement made between Mr. Bigelow and M. Drouyn de Lhuys, which led to the order for the withdrawal of the troops, is considered by his Government as leaving it now free to withdraw or not. Meantime, it is pretty certain that the United States' Commissioners, Messrs. Campbell and Sherman, have been received with coolness—not to say snubbed—by all parties in Mexico. The Mexican leaders, of whatever sympathies, are old enough to remember the Texan war and annexation; and it is evident that they consider the French occupation a very small affair as compared with a possible one by the United States. It is also probable that Juarez is satisfied of the truth of Santa Anna's allegations, that during Mr. Seward's visit last year to Cuba, he entered warmly into his (Santa Anna's) project for putting himself, if necessary, by a virtual *coup d'état* at the head of Mexico; and it does seem rather difficult to reconcile the Secretary's permission last year to the French to transport their munitions of war freely from New York with the present show of friendliness for Juarez and the Republic. At any rate, Maximilian's return from the journey that was apparently begun as a departure, hints at a conviction on his part that a union of parties against United States' intervention is possible. It is now said that his visit to Orizaba was by no means a flight, but only an excursion to recruit his health; though it must be confessed that the eighty-six boxes he took with him was a large number to contain the luggage even of an emperor for an excursion of a fortnight. It is, indeed, not impossible that Maximilian's excursion was a feint, and that he desired to test the genuineness of Mr. Seward's promises with regard to the strict policy of non-intervention which the Washington Government would pursue. That his departure should have been almost simultaneous with the marching of American troops to occupy Matamoras, and the arrest of Ortega by the same Power, must have satisfied his mind in that direction; whilst his experiment, if such it may be deemed, has had the additional advantage of leaving France face to face with an American invasion of the country it had occupied, and forcing it either to sustain itself there or withdraw immediately, under the most humiliating circumstances.

The position of the United States in this matter has suddenly become a serious one. So long as it preserved a strict neutrality in action, attended with a passive but recognised unfriendliness towards the empire of Maximilian, that empire was manifestly and swiftly crumbling away. The burthen of universal distrust, represented by accumulating debt, lay upon it with crushing weight; and there was nothing in the history of the transaction from the first, or in its results, that called forth any sympathy for the French Emperor or Maximilian in their uncomfortable situation. If the liberation of Mexico from a foreign monarchical Power was really Mr. Seward's object, it is possible that he has now slain the goose that was sure to lay for him the golden egg. Maximilian's throne certainly has not had so fair a prospect of standing as since the agents of the United States went to Mexico, only to return



faster than they went, to the Jericho in which they are now tarrying, at the mouth of the Mississippi river. But it may well be doubted if so sagacious a politician as Mr. Seward has really been deceived in this matter. It has for some time been whispered in political circles at Washington, and also in several European capitals, that President Johnson was not unwilling to have a collision with France in Mexico, as a diversion from the pressing internal quarrels of his country, and as a move in reply to the defeat which his policy of reconstruction has suffered at the polls. To unite North and South in a common glow of patriotism in advancing the common flag, with a fair prospect of having it wave permanently over a large territory to which Americans of the "manifest destiny" school have always looked with hope, is not an inconceivable project for a defeated President and a Cabinet full of reputations needing repair. A brilliant foreign policy is a very old method of retrieving domestic discomfitures. Mr. Seward must be expected to know well the weakness of his countrymen for territorial aggrandisement; and the resolution which the House of Representatives has just passed, declaring its readiness to uphold the Executive in the practical assertion and vindication of the Monroe doctrine in Mexico, seems to show that his calculation was a shrewd one. It may be tested, sooner than we expect, whether the Congress is ready to interpret a resolution, which was so hurried through its popular branch as hardly to be put into grammatical phraseology, as indicating a determination to engage with the French troops on a mere question of a difference of two months between the time originally named and that now fixed upon for their withdrawal. There is no room in this case for doubting the good faith of the Emperor's order for the withdrawal of the troops in the spring. They could, under ordinary circumstances, remain after the appointed time only at the cost to him of further unpopularity and imminent weakness at home. And since a foreign complication would have as fatal an edge for the radical policy of reconstruction as for any country with which America might be brought into collision, it is doubtful if the representatives will be in as much hurry to act as they were to resolve. Fortunately for peace between two old friends, the American Constitution gives to the Congress alone the power to declare war in any case. It is inconceivable that a people fresh from the disasters of a terrible war will rush into another on unreal grounds. The present Administration is not sufficiently popular to enable it to identify in the minds of the people any humiliation it may have to undergo in its Mexican policy with humiliation to the flag. The Campbell-Sherman mission to Mexico has already called forth a great deal of ridicule from the most prominent Northern journals, and in several of them the charge is distinctly made that the Administration is courting a foreign war for partisan purposes. Under these circumstances, it may be expected that the whole matter will be thoroughly discussed, and a collision postponed, if not averted. It can hardly be supposed that the Congress of the United States will deliberately proceed to establish a military occupation of Mexico after having denounced the French Emperor for the same thing. Even if the United States were inclined to do this, the entire reorganization of its army, the calling of thousands of new recruits into the field, which such a step would imply, and the relegation of its finances to a confusion from which they are emerging only with great difficulty, are sufficient to warrant our belief that no such invasion will take place at present. If, indeed, after March 31st any of the French troops should remain, it is not unlikely that popular opinion in America, which is evidently determined that there shall be no monarchy in Mexico, would demand that forces should march across the Rio Grande to the aid of Juarez, should the Republicans need them. The indications, however, that the Mexicans will be able to expel Maximilian after the French have left are so strong that it is not at all inconceivable that there may be some truth in the rumour which prevails at New Orleans that the Austrian Emperor has come to some understanding with Juarez himself. We know but little of Juarez personally, but the circumstances under which he is placed are not unfavourable to a willingness to permit a *plebiscite* to decide whether Maximilian should receive the office which he himself is compelled by the constitution to vacate. Ortega had, indeed, been elected to the Presidency, but if the allegation of the Juarist, that he fled the country when the invasion occurred, prove to be true it will not be difficult to keep him out of it. Maximilian would no doubt be glad of so honourable an outcome to his Mexican expedition as to be elected President for the remaining term of Ortega, after which he could retire gracefully to Miramar. There is indeed a prospect that he might secure a re-election at the end of that term; but it is more probable that Juarez,

for whom there seems to be something like enthusiasm among the people, would be chosen.

It seems certain that the French invasion has not been altogether without a beneficial effect upon Mexico. Since the downfall of the Iturbides in 1823 there had been no period in which the internal condition of Mexico seemed so much to invite an invader to re-establish a monarchy on a stronger basis, as that of which Napoleon III. tried to avail himself. This invasion has fairly awakened the country, and in successfully resisting the reaction backed by France, without aid or even sympathy from Washington, Mexico has become conscious of its strength, and fights with some of the *elan* of earlier and more glorious days. To borrow General Sherman's somewhat pedantic and certainly *naïve* expression on his return from his late interview with Juarez, "Just as in mechanics the opposing forces of centripetal and centrifugal attraction produce certain results, so in Mexico the fear of French absorption on the one hand, and of American annexation on the other has brought about some degree of unanimity among their leaders."

#### THE LEGITIMIST PARTY IN FRANCE.

WHETHER "a divinity doth hedge a king about" we know not, but certainly blindness envelopes discrowned monarchs as with thick darkness. They learn nothing and forget nothing. To them the world stands still, and things ever remain the same as they were when they commenced the *rôle* of sovereigns *in partibus*. Facts never disturb their dreams; and although men have long since ceased to speak despitefully of them, because their very existence has been forgotten, they still fancy that millions of faithful subjects are eager to rush into their arms. The hope of a speedy restoration never deserts them; and they issue their little manifestoes to their private and particular friends with as much pomp and emphasis as if they were seated on a real and not an imaginary throne. The latest instance of this insensibility to the actual state of things is furnished by the elaborate despatch which a gentleman, who is known as the Count de Chambord, but who calls himself "Henry V.," has addressed to General St. Priest for communication to the principal adherents of the Legitimist cause in France. Thirty-six years ago his grandfather was dethroned, and had to fly the country, because the experience of a couple of reigns had convinced the French people that the elder branch of the Bourbons were unable to accommodate themselves to modern ideas, to govern upon liberal principles, or to observe the oaths which they had solemnly sworn. Since then, the experiment of a Constitutional monarchy, under the junior branch of the house, has been tried and has failed. There has been a revolution and a republic, and there is now an empire; but, amidst all the vicissitudes through which the country has passed, no one has ever thought of invoking the aid and assistance of the grandson of Charles X. Any one who knows anything of France is perfectly aware that outside the Faubourg St. Germain and a few old country chateaux, there is no such thing as a Legitimist party in the country; nor does any one conversant with the life of the present day regard with aught but pity, not unmingled with contempt, the trivial intrigues and the harmless plotting in which the old women of both sexes, who represent the remains of the ancient nobility, pass their time and dissipate their *ennui*. If the present dynasty were overthrown, it is possible and even probable that in case the moderate liberals obtained the ascendancy, they would endeavour to restore the constitutional *régime* of Louis Philippe under one of his grandsons; but that they or any other set of men who are at all likely to have any influence in the country should select the heir of Absolutist traditions for the work of restoring freedom, is a supposition utterly destitute of decent plausibility. France may from weariness, or simply because she cannot help herself, submit to an imperial dictator, but whenever she becomes her own mistress, she will assuredly not again imperil her freedom by calling in a sovereign who would believe, and would act upon the belief, that he had a divine right to the crown. No doubt the Count de Chambord imagines that his latest production will seriously annoy the Emperor, and perhaps pave the way to a revolution. But for our own part we cannot attribute to it the slightest political importance; and we should think that his Imperial Majesty would rather rejoice than otherwise that his subjects should have a fresh proof of the immobility of the Bourbon mind, and of its impenetrability by modern ideas.

Nearly half the Count's manifesto is devoted to the grievances of the Pope, and the evil consequences that may be expected from the fall of the temporal power. His thoughts turn with sadness towards Rome where "one of the great works which



God has made for France" is in danger of being cast down. The temporal sovereignty of his Holiness is the indispensable guarantee of his independence, and of the free exercise of his authority throughout the universe. If France had been faithful to its natural traditions, Pius IX. would have had nothing to fear from his enemies; he would have accomplished in peace his double mission of Pontiff and King, and his people would long since have been indebted to him for reforms of which he had himself been the generous and paternal originator. It is rather inconsistent with this view of the Papal intentions, that the Holy Father should have obstinately rejected every suggestion for the improvement of his administration made by the Emperor Napoleon, and that the withdrawal of the French troops should have been followed by an outbreak of intolerance which shows that the narrowest spirit of ecclesiasticism is still predominant in the councils of the Vatican. But that is a minor point. It is a mere matter of fact; and when we listen to a voice out of a political tomb, we like to hear what it has to say with regard to great principles. In this respect we have not to complain of ambiguity on the part of the Count de Chambord. He does not shrink from laying it down broadly that if the Pope's temporal power be overthrown, his spiritual authority will be attacked; that the principle of all religion and all morality will be brought into question; that it will soon be logically demanded that all notion of God should disappear from laws and tribunals; that justice will be no more than a conventional name, and that the social edifice being undermined will collapse on all points. Instead of "the principles of 1789" and the "rights of men," we have the temporal sovereignty of the Pope and the influence of the priesthood presented to us as the basis of society; and although we do not ourselves look upon one with much more favour than upon the other, we are quite certain that the mass of the French people have a very decided preference for the former, and that they are not in the least likely to be conciliated by this resuscitation of the old church-and-king politics of the pre-revolutionary period. They are still less likely to be attracted by the Count's defence of the interference of the clergy in politics; for if there is one thing of which the intelligent portion of the nation has a strong and salutary jealousy, it is this. And certainly, if anything were calculated to deter them from resorting to a second restoration of the Bourbons, it would be the emphatic declaration with which the royal writer closes this part of his letter, that the fall of the temporal sovereignty "must at any cost be prevented." In the select Legitimist circle to which this letter is primarily addressed, it may be thought advisable that France should assume an attitude of permanent hostility to Italy, should incur a serious drain upon her resources, and should expose herself to odium as the oppressor of the Roman people; but that is certainly not the view of Frenchmen in general. Even those who disliked the idea of withdrawing their troops from a position in actual occupation, would be averse to re-enter upon embarrassments out of which they have effectually, although it may be rather awkwardly, shuffled. But however that may be, there can be no doubt that the whole of this part of the document is pervaded by an obscurantist spirit, which is singularly at variance with the tone and current of thought in France.

The Count de Chambord is more in harmony with his countrymen when he expresses his regret at the consolidation of Germany. But although the French are mortified and disappointed that the Emperor's influence should not have been sufficient to prevent such an event, they are by no means prepared to go to war to undo that which has been done. Their opposition to the recent scheme of army reorganization shows clearly enough that the counsel not to accept in silence "that which our forefathers have at all times struggled to prevent—the formation at our very threshold of two vast States, one of them having an enormous military force," is unlikely to fall upon willing ears. Although they may hear with an amount of satisfaction commensurate with the value which they place on anything coming from "Henry V." that he sees "nothing irreparable for us in what has occurred," they will not, we venture to think, become violently enamoured of the mode in which he proposes to set about the work of reparation. As to the domestic policy which General St. Priest's correspondent enunciates there is nothing to be said against it, for the simple reason that it consists of nothing but a series of nicely sounding platitudes, which any sovereign and any statesman in Europe would be happy to endorse with his signature. The Emperor Napoleon, we have no doubt, is firmly convinced that his power is founded on hereditary monarchy, respected in its principle and its action, without weakness and without caprice. He has constantly told us, and so have his Ministers, that representative government in France possesses

"vigorous vitality"—that the public expenditure is seriously controlled—that there is free access for all to employments and honours—and that there is nothing which he wishes more than to relieve internal administration from the fetters of an excessive administration. Nay, we do not doubt that he would claim for his Government that particular quality of "uprightness" on which the Count lays so much stress; and recollecting all that we have heard not so very long ago about "ancient parties," we are certain that he would avow himself the friend of a policy of conciliation, and that he would be as willing as the Count de Chambord to "bury in oblivion all old divisions," and to appeal to all the "noble and enlightened hearts which, loving their country as a mother, desire to make it great, free, happy, and honoured." Unquestionably these are fine sentiments, and the French are supposed to be touched thereby; but we scarcely think that they will rise, like foolish trout, to such a bait dangled before them by such a fisherman. When we hear a Bourbon censuring a Bonaparte for offences against liberty, we are irresistibly reminded of a certain personage rebuking sin—and we dare say the comparison will occur to our neighbours on the other side of the Channel. They may not be so well off now as they could wish; but they are, at any rate, governed by a man of the world and of the nineteenth century. When they make another revolution it will assuredly not be for the sake of gaining a sovereign whose ideas and sympathies belong to the past, and whose secluded life has disqualified him for the transaction of important affairs. Indeed, if the Count did not assure us that he still clings to the hope of regaining the crown of his ancestors, we should not have imputed to him a notion so extravagantly absurd. As, however, he assures his friends that should Providence call upon him, he will appear resolutely in their midst to save them or perish with them, we must suppose that he does really expect to receive such a summons. If it pleases him and his friends in the Faubourg St. Germain to wait, with arms ready and horses saddled, for such a contingency, we do not know that any one will be injured by their indulgence in so harmless a form of political insanity. They may have the wish, but they have not the power, to disturb the tranquillity of France. The address on which we have been commenting is only a needless illustration of the old truth, that men may live long and learn little—or nothing.

#### WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN AMERICA.

THAT nine American senators should have voted to strike out the old Salic law surviving in the word "male" as applied to the qualification for franchise in the District of Columbia, is a significant event. But it would seem that even that respectable number in the higher branch of Congress by no means represents the full power of the woman suffrage movement in that body. The proposition was made as an amendment to one conferring the franchise upon the negroes of the district, and it was evidently moved for the purpose of defeating the original Bill. Consequently the Radicals, among whom are the strongest advocates of woman suffrage, did not support it; though several of them were careful to say that they would support an act to confer the franchise upon women when the proper time came. Since this discussion occurred in the Senate, a Committee of the American Equal Rights Association—a new and large organization whose object is to secure equal political rights for negroes and women—has visited Washington and conferred with many leading members of Congress. They declare that at least sixteen senators have declared themselves favourable to woman suffrage, amongst whom are some of distinguished ability, as Senators Brown, of Missouri; Wilson, of Massachusetts; and the still more famous Senator Wade, of Ohio. The last-named veteran, who, it is said, has a good chance of being yet the President of the United States, has written a letter in which he says:—"I am now, and ever have been, the advocate of equal and impartial suffrage to all citizens of the United States who have arrived at the age of twenty-one years, who are of sound mind, and who have not disqualified themselves by the commission of any offence, without any distinction of race, colour, or sex." The Senate is always more conservative than the House of Representatives, and we may therefore conclude that the proportion of the advocates of woman suffrage in the latter is even greater than in the Senate, where they are about one-third of the entire body. It seems to be admitted, indeed, that the settlement of the negro question in the country will be at once followed by a systematic movement for the enfranchisement of woman, and that all the organizations which have



hitherto been devoted to the emancipation of the negro are ready to furnish the machinery for the new agitation.

It seems that America is not altogether without experience in this matter. At the period of the Revolution the State of New Jersey, which was originally settled by Swedes, and afterwards by Quakers—whose ideas of the equality of woman are well known—adopted a Constitution without the word "male" in it, and under this women practically exercised their right of suffrage until the year 1808. At that time the Legislature of the State seems to have adopted some species of disabling Act, and they ceased to vote, although the right under the Constitution remained until the year 1844, when an amendment inserted the word "male" in the organic law. It does not appear that women were ever charged in that State with abusing the right of suffrage, nor that any one alleged that evils had arisen from the practice; but rather that the women themselves did not at the time sufficiently appreciate the right to defend it, and that the Legislature called by other exigencies to readjust its laws and Constitution, adopted the ordinary phraseology of the other States, and that thus woman suffrage was lost out of New Jersey by default. That this could have occurred so late as 1844 without exciting any kind of opposition, and even without remark, is a striking instance of the extremely modern character of the agitation for the woman franchise. It seems, indeed, to have been in America an almost direct result of the agitation for the abolition of slavery. In the course of that agitation there were constant appeals in anti-slavery meetings to general principles of "human rights" and "equality," which very obviously applied to unenfranchised women as well as to negroes. In the early meetings of the "Garrisonian Abolitionists" of New England, the women were not on an equality; they had a separate Anti-Slavery Society. But after a few years they came to regard this separation of the sexes in their meetings as inconsistent, and the "Female Anti-Slavery Society" was abolished by being absorbed into the other. From that time women, among whom have been eminent Quakeresses—such as Lucretia Mott and Anna Dickenson—have been foremost among the orators and agents of the Anti-Slavery Society. Margaret Fuller, also, began her work in America about twenty-five years ago; and her radical book, entitled "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," became almost a new gospel to American women. "It is worthy of remark," wrote that lady in the *Dial*, in 1844, "that as the principle of liberty is better understood and more nobly interpreted, a broader protest is made on behalf of woman. As men become aware that all men have not had a fair chance, they are inclined to say that no women have had a fair chance." "Woman," she also said, "if by a sympathy as to outward condition she is led to aid the enfranchisement of the slave, must, no less by inward tendency, favour measures which promise to bring the world more thoroughly and deeply into harmony with her nature." To the influence of her writings, the various alterations of laws affecting the rights of woman in America have been traced, and she undoubtedly showed to her sisters how closely their "rights" were bound up with those of the slave. It is certain that the faith in woman suffrage has gone on hand-in-hand with the anti-slavery movement, and it is very doubtful whether its triumph can be long delayed after that of negro emancipation, which took precedence of it because it contended with terrible wrongs.

It is, indeed, difficult to see on what grounds the exclusion of women from the suffrage can be defended in a country which admits men of every land, however poor or ignorant, to that privilege. It cannot be maintained there that it is necessary to exclude them in order that they may not become absorbed in politics, and thus unfitted for domestic life and duty, for it is notorious that American women are already very deeply interested in politics, and that to admit them to the polls would not be so much creating a new political influence as recognising one that already exists. It may, indeed, be doubted whether the denial to them of a normal channel for their political influence does not tend to increase their absorption in political affairs. This very agitation for the suffrage, which has assumed now such large proportions that it has recently called together some of the largest conventions that have been of late held in America, must be carrying into public life a large number of women who, were the prize won, would return to the quiet ways of domestic life. Moreover, any divisions and evils that it has been apprehended woman suffrage might bring into the home, may be assumed in America as already existing; and, indeed, it is declared by some observers that the bitterness of the female politician is intensified by the fact that she is unable to counteract the political power of her husband, if she believes it wrongly directed, otherwise than by her tongue. The fact is, it is not so much the laws as the traditions

of a country which determine the effect that the adoption of such a measure as woman suffrage would have either upon the nation, or upon women themselves. Many persons would agree that legislation might not be injuriously affected if there could be introduced into its cold habit of expediency some of the motives that spring from feeling, and which are chiefly represented by the gentler sex, provided there could be a guarantee that the source itself of the finer influence would not be defiled by the excitements incident to political life; but, at the same time, in any country where the franchise is not only generally demanded by women, but has become with them a matter of concerted action and public agitation, it may not unreasonably be urged that whatever evils the change involves have already been incurred, and that legal enfranchisement could only secure whatever possible advantages it holds, and the actual advantage of allaying an agitation.

#### D'AUBIGNÉ ON RITUALISM.

WE could hardly have a better proof of the intense interest with which the revival of an elaborate symbolism in the Church of England is watched, not only at home but abroad, than the letter which appeared in the *Times* on Tuesday last bearing the signature of Merle D'Aubigné. Few men have a greater right to be heard upon any subject which concerns the Reformation and its fruits than a writer who, perhaps more than any other, has contributed to convey to the mind of Protestant Europe its impressions with regard to that revolution of thought and those throes of passion in which the Protestant communions had their birth. Nor is there any one to whom we could look with more confidence for an exact statement of the anxiety with which the Continental Churches look on while the Church of England seems verging towards a fresh revolution, whose avowed aim is to undo the work of the Reformation. We are not, however, surprised to learn from him that the present circumstances of the Church of England have attracted the attention of thinking men upon the Continent, or that, regarded as Great Britain is as the representative "of liberty, of civilization, of the Gospel," it is felt that the revival of Ritualism, and of the doctrines of which it is the symbol, are felt to be matters which do not concern England alone. We fully believe that any loosening of the religious foundations laid in this country three centuries ago, any fatal blow dealt to the National Church, would be felt throughout the world. Therefore when we hear, on such indubitable testimony as has lately been published, that, not to mince the matter, the services in many churches of the Establishment have utterly ceased to be Protestant and have become distinctly Roman Catholic; when we read the collection of essays entitled "The Church and the World," and know that it reflects the opinions of the Ritualists as clearly as "Essays and Reviews" reflect those of the Broad Church; when auricular confession is avowedly practised, and the doctrine of the Real Presence openly professed; nay, when even some of the bishops and overseers of the Church either wink at or participate in all this—to what other conclusion can we come but that the revenues, the fabrics, and the authority of the Church are by many being used to blot out the distinctive character of the most powerful of the Reformed communions, and to destroy that bulwark of the Protestant faith to which every Protestant church upon the Continent looks as to a tower of strength? It is not thus merely a national peril which is impending, but one which must more or less affect the whole work of the Reformation. And though, as yet, the Protestantism of the nation and even of the Church is in the main sound, we have only to look back less than forty years for a period when Ritualism was not. Within that brief space it has had its birth, has waxed strong and spread itself, till the public mind has become so familiarized with it that whereas a few years ago the sight of a white surplice in the pulpit was enough to convulse a whole neighbourhood, practices tenfold more Popish, and services which are almost an exact mimicking of the Mass, are habitually observed in many churches. If this is done in the green wood what will be done in the dry?

All sorts of remedies have been proposed for this pernicious shamming—earnest and sincere enough in the minds of the deluded men who practise it—but none as yet has been tried, owing, doubtless, to inherent difficulties, the force of which we have all felt. M. Merle D'Aubigné is not insensible to them. He hopes nothing from the bishops. They are "so shackled and trammelled by law and usage as to be almost powerless," and, moreover, "is there not, in some quarters, a certain sympathy with Ritualism?" Convocation "has not the necessary authority, and if it had, it is doubtful whether it would use it."



Something must come from Parliament, but in the present state of things it is probable that it "would be both unable and unwilling to open its doors to such discussion"—discussion, namely, as to the reforms necessary for the Church. Individual action, whether on the part of zealous laymen or clergymen, would not suffice. "It is necessary," says Dr. D'Aubigné, "that the action should be a united one, and in conformity with law and order. The Church of England, agitated as it is by the invasion of Ritualism, is like a fine ship amidst breakers, and sailing without a helm. The great matter is to find the helm. Where is it?" These words hardly do justice to the extent of the reformation which M. D'Aubigné proposes. He wants not to find the helm, but to make an entirely new one. He compares the present government of the Church to an old ruined house, and urges that it should be dealt with as we would deal with such a house:—"We throw it down, and erect in its stead a roomy modern building, suited to the size of the family." "In the Middle Ages," he writes, "the government of the Church belonged exclusively to the clergy; since the Reformation it has been in the hands of the Crown. Such an exclusive system does not suit our time. The supreme direction of the Church should, after God, reside in the hands of the most intelligent, the most pious, the wisest of the prelates, clergy, and laymen of the Church of England. An assembly of such men, all professing the faith of the Church as embodied in the Articles, supported by public opinion, would remove with a steady hand the evils which now menace the Church, and would give it renewed vitality. . . . An assembly regularly and legally constituted—an upper house, in which would sit the bishops and lay representatives elected by the different dioceses; a lower house for the clergy and lay representatives of parishes or unions of parishes; an executive council to carry out the decisions of these two houses—such an organization would, in my opinion, satisfy the most pressing wants of the Church, and give a renewed impulsion to its activity."

There are two objections to be alleged against Dr. D'Aubigné's plan, apart altogether from the utter impossibility of bringing together an assembly of bishops, clergy, and laity who will agree as to what is "the faith of the Church as embodied in the Articles." The first is, that the Crown would not yield up its privilege of appointing the bishops, and that neither Parliament nor the country would consent to oust the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of its jurisdiction. Englishmen would never consent to the constitution of a synod, arrogating infallibility for its decisions, and amounting to nothing more or less than a many-headed Pope. The subjection of the Church to the State is, in the minds of the great body of Englishmen, one of the cardinal points of religious liberty, and it is because that point will not be surrendered, that Convocation is the "old ruined house" which Dr. D'Aubigné tells us should be pulled down. In his attempt to drive away "the unhealthy mists of the Middle Ages," he is positively proposing to transfer to the vote of a majority a Papal supremacy. He would strip the Crown of the limited supremacy the Reformation gave it, and hand it over, swelled into absolute authority, to a new Convocation! Observe what this would involve. The Crown must make no more bishops, for if it did, it could at its will modify the opinions at least of the Upper House. The right of the patron to present, and that of the bishop to institute, would be materially curtailed, for an appeal would lie to the new Convocation to decide upon the orthodoxy of the candidate. How would this work? We have Puseyite congregations, High Church congregations, Evangelical congregations, and Broad Church congregations. Would any of these endure to have forced upon them a rector of sentiments diametrically opposed to their own? Yet, unless the new Convocation is to be as powerless as the old, it must have the right, in the last resort, of deciding what pastors are orthodox and what are not. It will not do to compare the interference of Parliament in a purely secular matter with its interference in a religious one. Dr. D'Aubigné commits this grave error when he says:—"The Queen and Parliament can give powers to such a body, as they gave extraordinary powers to the Encumbered Estates Court in Ireland." A marvellous comparison truly; as if there could be any common footing between a question which merely respected the relief of bankrupt landlords from properties which they could neither keep nor dispose of, and one that immediately and vitally concerns the consciences of men with respect to matters on which, as they believe, their eternal interests depend.

But there is yet another ground which renders Dr. D'Aubigné's proposal impracticable. He has so dwelt upon the evil of Ritualism, that he has entirely overlooked a movement which ought certainly to be taken into account by one

who would treat of "the present circumstances of the Church of England." "The faith of the Church, as embodied in the Thirty-nine articles," is not a very definite expression, but we will take it as meaning that state of belief in which the Church of England reposed up to the date of the Tractarian movement. It had nothing to do with Ritualism, and the line between it and infidelity was strongly defined. But now, if one portion of its clergy are adding to its forms, another portion is as busily engaged in diminishing its faith. The essays, entitled "The Church and the World," are the manifesto of one party, "Essays and Reviews" of the other. We know not which is the more active of these parties; but as to numbers, we question very much whether Broad Church has not more disciples than Ritualism. But this is not the point. What will be the duty of that new Convocation, which Dr. D'Aubigné has sketched for us in regard to this other enemy of the Church, which uses its authority and its revenues to pare away and dissipate the doctrines handed down to it from the Reformation? How will it crush the foe on this hand and the foe on that? and, when it has crushed both, how many members of the Church of England will remain? We do not urge these objections to Dr. D'Aubigné's plan in a hopeless spirit. It is quite possible, we believe, to deal effectually with the Ritualists, and to give the *coup de grace* to their antics; and whenever the mass of the people demand the interference of Parliament, we have no doubt that its interference can be effectually made. But the plan we have been considering would, even if it were practicable, be worse than the disease. And we should as soon expect to see the nation throw overboard the principles of Free Trade and resume those of Protection, as to see it consent to the establishment of an *imperium in imperio*, and that *imperium* a spiritual one.

#### MR. GOSCHEN ON INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS.

FOR many reasons we are glad to see Mr. Goschen doing something, even if it be very little. Mr. Goschen must bear in mind that he has yet his spurs to win. Though we should think it both premature and unjust to say that his short Parliamentary career has been a failure, yet we must candidly say, as true friends to him, that it has not been a success. The reason for his accession as a member of the late Government has yet to be justified. He brought with him from Oxford a reputation for scholarship, and for a certain kind of Union eloquence. Neither are of very great use in the House of Commons at the present moment, when party feelings run high, and men require to be fed, not with the light biscuit pastry of rhetoric, but the bread of principles. By the Liberal press, Mr. Goschen has been welcomed with praises, which would be more appropriate if applied to a tried and veteran statesman than to a novice. Those praises Mr. Goschen has still to justify. And, certainly, he has not done much to justify them in his recent speech; yet still it is something. He spoke very well about generalities. He rightly dealt with the aim and object of all such industrial exhibitions—to encourage a wholesome, rational, and intellectual taste. He very properly dwelt upon the enormous importance of such exhibitions at the present crisis. He pointed out, too, how little is known by the country at large of the working classes, and the confusion of ideas that exists respecting them and their habits and feelings. Here Mr. Goschen was fluent, not to say voluble. But it does not require any very great genius to expatiate for any length of time upon such self-evident propositions. Lord John Manners himself would probably have said just the same words, only somewhat more blandly. In both cases they are only so much melted butter. And we do not care about melted butter in a speech to the working classes. Treacle is cheap, and, to many tastes, not pleasant. And to his melted butter Mr. Goschen added a quantity of treacle. Young ladies, we believe, like it. And had Mr. Goschen been addressing some ladies' college, we should have had nothing to say. But the working classes are not young ladies. They require, as we once heard from one of them, strong meat and "rammel cheese." And the strong meat they will not get from Mr. Goschen. He failed precisely where he fails in the House. He wants more backbone. What he will do in opposition next session we cannot possibly say, but debate will certainly try his powers far more than they have hitherto been tried. To [return, however, to the Agricultural Hall. Nothing could be more unsatisfactory than what he had to say upon the one vital question—education. Yet it was better that he should say something about it, than, like most of his late colleagues, entirely shut his mouth. Better that he should talk half-truths than that he should be silent.



But when we say half-truths, we are doing Mr. Goschen more than justice. He is reported to have said,—“I do not believe that their education (*i. e.*, that of the working classes) is neglected.” There must be surely here some mistake, and we are therefore unwilling to expose so well known a fallacy, held, we fancied, by only a few Tories down in the heavy clays. As to the rest of Mr. Goschen’s speech on education, it is a short abstract of the Whig creed. “I believe,” he says, “that great progress has been made.” And, again, “I believe in the good sense of the English people.” And again, “I believe that if the working classes find themselves on the wrong track”—anybody knows how this sentence will finish; and again, “I believe of the working people that the same loyalty,” &c. And once more, “I believe the workmen of England will be well able to compete”—we know, too, from long experience, how this sentence ends. On the stage the British sailor can always, unarmed, kill three Frenchmen, and on the political platform the British workman can always do in half a day more than four of any other nation. Now this, “I believe,” has been preached by the Whigs ever since their Reform Bill. Of course, Mr. Goschen has a perfect right to repeat his political creed. But we must tell him plainly that men have outgrown such mere forms: Unless Mr. Goschen has something to give us better than this, his late electors may have nothing to give him some day at the poll. We must have something more than “I believe.” Men in politics are not saved, whatever they may be in religion, by faith alone. We must have action and results. As we have said before in this REVIEW, the whole future of England hangs upon education. The nation will shortly, in the course, it may be, of next session, but, at all events, shortly, enter upon an enlarged political existence. The franchise will, in all probability, be given to a great body of our fellow-countrymen who have never before enjoyed that privilege, and the use that they will make of it entirely depends not merely on their intelligence and education, but on the intelligence and education of those around them. Nobody, we suppose, not even the most violent Tory, will pretend to say that the next Reform Bill will be a whit more final than the last. The question, therefore, is whether we shall have for the future a mob to govern us, or an educated people. The Corn-Law Reformers did their duty in taking care that the people should first have cheap bread, for, without abundant food, no moral progress can possibly be made; but it is now the business of the present Reformers to take care that abundant mental food is provided for the people. Not a day passes but the Tory papers take up their parable from the state of New York, and point the moral about the ignorance and vice of democracies. But whose fault is it that the lower orders in New York are so ignorant and vicious? We answer, without hesitation, the fault of Mr. Goschen’s political godfathers. And if Mr. Goschen and his colleagues, when they are again in office, do not take care, they will bequeath to England, on a still larger scale, the ignorance and vice that is now seen at New York. For the ignorance and vice in that great “sea-side midden,” as New York has been well called, is not the result of democracy, but the fruit of European misgovernment. But what we most complain of is, that Mr. Goschen, when the other day he had the opportunity, said really nothing upon the necessity of education. Now we hold it to be the salvation of this country, that the working classes shall be educated. We even go so far, and we do not now say it for the first or the second time—as those who may have read our remarks upon education will know—as to insist upon compulsory education. If the mountain cannot go to Mahomet, then Mahomet must go to the mountain. Our young Arabs must be educated. We have legalized the lancet for vaccination, and we must legalize the rod for education. The birch-tree is less expensive in the long run than the gallows-tree. Mr. Goschen and his colleagues must take broader ground than they do. No good can ever be effected by repeating such bald platitudes as—“If the education of the children of the working classes of this country is neglected, then I say that those children will have to bear a heavy weight in trying to compete with other countries.” But this is not the main point. The main point is whether for the future the majority of the electors in England shall be educated or not, and whether our country’s fortunes shall be placed in the hands of a mob or an intelligent and united people. To effect this, no effort should be left untried and no labour deemed too severe. We repeat that upon the education of the working classes, the whole future safety and prosperity of Great Britain depend. But Mr. Goschen seems hardly the man to take the matter in hand. We trust that we do him injustice. But mere melted butter and treacle will not do. Reform is made of different stuff to this. Roughly speaking, there are but two classes of people—those who are masters of their desires and impulses, and those who are

mastered by them. It is with this latter class that we have to deal. They are not educated themselves, and do not care to have their children educated. They are, in fact, moral paupers, and breed a race like themselves, or rather worse. It is from this class that our gaols and workhouses are recruited. We believe that by early education they may be humanized and made decent members of society. But they can only be reclaimed when they are young, and only by the strong arm of compulsory education. As to all the subordinate matters of methods of teaching, of expense, of religious training, and what not, they can be settled by degrees. What all Reformers should now aim at is the thing itself—compulsory education. It would perhaps be unpopular in the beginning, just as vaccination and registering births and deaths are still, in some out-of-the-way places; but the benefits would soon justify the expedient. The tyranny would be in name, and not in substance. Probably in two or three generations the necessity would pass away, and nothing but the advantages remain. It is not merely the individual whose feelings we must consult, but the welfare of society at large for which we must legislate. And certainly the welfare of society demands that we shall not have political anarchy, and consequently national decadence, both which things will assuredly befall us unless we have a very different system of education to that which we at present possess. And nobody walking through the Industrial Exhibition at Islington could fail to have been struck by the fruitless labour and waste of time occasioned by the mere want of education. Not education, but the need of education is apparent at all such exhibitions. Men, from want of knowledge, are there, constantly attempting to twist ropes of sand when good hemp has been provided for them. They are in utter ignorance not only as to what has been done before them, but what their contemporaries are doing. Genius, industry, perseverance, are all there—everything, in short, except education and knowledge. This is the moral that all such industrial exhibitions have as yet pointed, but which Mr. Goschen failed to see.

#### SOME WAYS IN THE ARMY.

A FEW years ago some very remarkable papers appeared in Mr. Dickens’s periodical descriptive of “Life in the Army.” We believe it was Ensign Spoonbill who was put forward as the type of his class, and his career from the goose-step to the sponging-house was given with an amount of local colour and verisimilitude that imparted to the articles the air of a biography. Ensign Spoonbill is still extant, although he is not quite the fool he was ten years ago. Our officers have improved with the times; but it is rather with the times than with the War Office. Were we altogether trusting to the wisdom of that establishment for advanced ideas, we might now have acquired a button in the highest style of decorative art, as ugly a piece of head-gear as could be constructed out of the official conceptions of extravagance and uselessness, and half a dozen directions for saluting a general at a review. The latest direction from Pall Mall relates to steel scabbards, which are in future to be adopted instead of leather scabbards. The tailoring department always receives considerable attention. Our soldiers are the most expensively clothed troops in the world. When we send them out to be shot in New Zealand by savages who have only a gun for weapon and wardrobe, a tomahawk for a change, and a pipe and a boomerang for festivals, we—selfishly speaking—find ourselves throwing away the newest things in shakos and coats for a doubtful advantage not even considered worth a medal. The officers are furnished regardless of expense. Suppose we consider them as perfect from a drawing-room point of view, next arises a question as to whether they are adapted for such an incidental occupation as that of war. Decidedly war is a science, and where is it taught to Ensign Spoonbill? The examination system has not succeeded as well as we expected. It was never instituted to make soldiers: it was simply established as a test that the aspirant for the military profession possessed the ordinary education of a gentleman. We could not hope for a Vauban out of every cadet who could spell “Mediterranean.” When the examinations were severe, the sufferings that a gentleman endured before he was made an officer were appalling. Coaches sprang up in all directions, prepared to convey the mentally halt and maimed to the requisite pitch of knowledge. The improvements effected in “grinding” were such as to enable a professor, after a time, to pass almost any pupil above the condition of a fool, and by permitting French to count heavily in the scale of merit, a few months spent on the Continent was almost certain to insure a commission for the candidate. But when the gentleman got in,



where was the officer? When he learned how to march with his head up, and carry the colours, his training appeared to be perfect. How many lieutenants study their duties, or care for them? What inducement do they find for competition? Money will beat their utmost exertions, and a man with a thick cheque-book, no matter how thick his head, will be promoted as fast as the road can be cleared for him. In other collateral respects our officers are less soldiers than those in either the French, Prussian, or American service. In nine cases out of ten they are bad fencers, and never practise military exercises for the sake of individual proficiency. They regard their occupation as "shop," not to be spoken of off parade, and there is nothing left for them but pleasure. Now, here we grant there is some progress. Turning to the books of forty or fifty years ago, we find the officer in country quarters devoting most of his time to seduction, and we have innumerable tales of the village or the provincial town beauty being brought to dire grief and misfortune in consequence of her undue liking for the military. Whether it is that the captain and his whiskers is not of so much account to the sex as he used to be, or whether it is that he is more a gentleman than a "clown," in the Tennysonian sense, we are grateful for a fact which redeems him from conduct unworthy of his uniform. Indeed, we believe that recently both ladies and those of a degree below ladies have not encouraged the advances of commissioned and non-commissioned officers to the extent which once effected such disastrous consequences to both. An officer who is a cad is now pretty soon discovered, not only by his messmates, but in the society of the place in which he is stationed. A red coat is no longer an "open sesame" to the best circles. Families inquire about the regiment first; and regiments have affixed to them distinctive lines of respectability, so to speak, as significant of their social achievements as those of the flags are of their performances in the field of battle. Some regiments are excellent ball-givers, contain a fair sprinkling of eligibles, and the colonels' wives are not addicted to snubbing civilian females. In others the colonel or the major in command of the depot is not married at all, the junior officers live what may be termed a free and easy existence, free as to conduct and easy as to responsibility for it, and they are as a rule simply scandalous nuisances in the town in which they are quartered. There are, then, cricket regiments and hunting regiments, theatrical regiments and musical regiments. Theatrical regiments generally furnish very agreeable additions to rural parties, as there is a dash of brains to be found about them. But we never hear of a "military" regiment. Any excessive development of the prime quality for which they are wanted is carefully repressed by order of the mess-room. We have heard officers over and over again regret the utter waste of time to which they were more compelled than inclined by the spirit of the service. The army in point of fact is not a profession with us, but in a great measure a lounge. Those who are anxious to render it a calling, who endeavour to do so, would starve on their pay, and be soured and thwarted by the favouritism shown to wealthier men. And if we bear in mind that it is those only who show a disposition to regard it in the light of a profession who can be of service in it, and that under our present system they are virtually prevented from ever taking prominent or commanding positions in it, we will appear to have reached the lowest depth of mismanagement and disorganization. The service is entirely beyond patching or reform. It wants a new constitution altogether. If we are to have the smallest number of troops of any first-class Power, we might certainly have that number in as thorough and efficient a state as possible, and above all properly officered. It will not avail our soldiers to advance under blundering orders to destruction, and what but blundering orders can we expect from untrained and ignorant officers? We do not believe it is so much their fault as their misfortune that they are so inefficient. Nobody questions their courage, nobody questions their honour; but courage and honour, though excellent and indispensable things to start with, no more constitute the entire soldier than strength without the knowledge of using it constitutes a complete bruiser. The Staff College was an effort in the right direction. The Staff College now turns out to be a failure, and it is a failure because no single prop will support a rotten edifice, especially when the prop itself is fixed in a bad foundation. In this institute the candidate for admission must be made up in military history, geography, geology, French, and Hindustani. He must have served "not less than five years, exclusive of leave of absence," before being qualified for the vacancies which from time to time occur. At present, we learn, there are fifteen vacancies, and the Horse Guards have already issued programmes of the examination for the 15th of February. Will it be believed

that all this preparation—Hindustani, French, and the rest of it—has been completely nullified by the traditional Conservatism of the authorities, and that in the most flagrantly unfair manner, the gentlemen who have entered at the college find their labour thrown away. Surely, Government writes its own condemnation in permitting this, and should here at least anticipate the action of a Reformed Parliament. As the Staff College is managed it might as well not have been established. Few men care to go there, for when they come out they find themselves not a whit the better for the course to which they have been subjected. In short, there is no room for intelligence in our army as it now is. It is decrepid numerically and decrepid organically. Nor do we think the huge evils with which it is not only encumbered, but eaten up, will be removed by flourishing a difficult card of requirements for admission to a military college, and monthly directions upon the shape of hats and the substitution of steel scabbards for those of leather.

#### THE ACCIDENT IN THE REGENT'S PARK.

THE calamity which has this week sent a thrill of horror through the whole community did not, dreadful as it was, surprise those who have learned from years of experience the unlimited folly of the London public when it gets upon skates. The Humane Society have long been expecting some such sweeping disaster, and, indeed, it is a marvel, not that it has occurred now, but that it did not occur long ago. Hardly a winter has passed over us that has not witnessed a coherence of the conditions requisite to produce such a catastrophe. There are few things to which your average Londoner is more partial, or of which he is more ignorant, than ice. He delights in the sport, and takes to it as a savage takes to fire-water. You shake your head at him as he is putting on his skates, and tell him he had better not. You call to him when you see him in imminent danger of sinking through the support which has become rotten. You warn him that the ice has given way in this or that part, and that six here and a dozen there have already narrowly escaped drowning. Does he heed you? No. If he is a rough, he jeers at you; if he is a gentleman, he thanks you, but goes on skating. By-and-by some one gets in; common sense should warn the rest that ice which has given way under the weight of a few will have but a poor chance of supporting the weight of many; but in an instant there is a rush from all parts to the spot where the accident has happened. Perhaps it is one of the effects of the exhilarating exercise that it makes the head light as well as the heels, and there is no reason, that we know of, why drink alone should disturb the intellectual balance. Success will do it, and the follies of a beggar on horseback are no bad illustration of the foolhardiness of a Londoner upon skates.

It may seem callous to speak in this tone of an accident which has brought grief to many a fireside, and which has awed the savagery of the roughs who in thousands have thronged the banks of the Regent's-Park lake during the last few days, while the work of fishing up the dead has been proceeding in solemn silence. But we may be allowed to speak thus reproachfully of the rashness which led to the catastrophe on Tuesday, for the sake of those who survive. Not, indeed, that we suppose that the admonitions which the press has addressed to the community at large will have the slightest effect. If a thaw comes presently, and then another frost, we shall see the lake in the park thronged with skaters, who will not wait to consider that ice which can bear one hundred persons may not be equal to the task of bearing two hundred. The mass of skaters never consider—for the time being they can only skate. But this is no new view of their character. The police, the park-keepers, the Humane Society's men—every one with a clear eye in his head has seen and known it for years. Winter after winter has given fresh evidence of it. Hardly a year has passed that lives have not been lost in consequence of it; while immersions have been almost innumerable. On this very lake, the day before the accident of which we are writing, twenty-one persons got in, as they deserved, but happily were got out, which they did not deserve. On Tuesday, though printed notices were placed about the lake, warning the public that the ice was very dangerous, hundreds went on; and even after the ice which was bad in the beginning had been so weakened, partly by the action of a bright sun, partly by the load it had had to bear, that it is said there was not a sound piece of more than a foot or so broad, and that the cracks were clearly marked by the water which rose through them; nay, after two or three dozen persons at a time had fallen into the water in various parts, there lingered on the spot where the accident took place about 200 people,



all of whom, in the twinkling of an eye, disappeared. What does this teach us? Why, surely, that for their own sakes we must somewhat curtail the liberty of the British public during the skating season. It is, indeed, most discreditable to the authorities that year after year the utmost freedom has been given to the people of London to commit suicide in this way. Again and again has the Chief Commissioner of Works been urged to do for the Ornamental Water in Regent's Park what has been done for that in St. James's Park—drain it, give it a bituminous bottom instead of a muddy one, and make it of a uniform depth of three, four, or five feet. Why the lake in the Regent's Park, in that part where the accident took place, has a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet! They manage these things better in France. In the Bois de Boulogne, the police have given the skating club a sheet of water of the depth of one foot. Death from drowning is thus rendered impossible, to say nothing of the quicker formation of ice upon shallow water than upon deep. But you may move heaven and earth without moving the English official mind. There the lake was, and such as it was it must remain. The Hon. Mr. Cowper, when First Commissioner of Works, was urged to put it in a safe state, but he contented himself with pumping so many million gallons of fresh water into it. "It will not offend your noses now," he said to the inhabitants of the park mansions; and with that he considered his obligations fulfilled. He took no account of the fact that as many as 5,000 persons are frequently on the lake in one day when it is frozen, or that a winter seldom passes that some one is not drowned in it.

And from the First Commissioner downwards we observe the same concurrence of official stolidity with the public foolhardiness on Tuesday, while notices were put about that the ice was "very dangerous" the gates of the private gardens were thrown open to admit skaters and the putters on of skates. It is absurd to say that the police and park-keepers have not the power to keep people off the ice. They are exercising that power now on the Serpentine—since the accident in the Regent's Park—and they could have exercised it on Tuesday had the authorities instructed them to do so. The British public have no more right to skate upon the ornamental waters of the parks than they have to bathe or boat upon them. They do either by the consent of the authorities, and the authorities are primarily to blame if hundreds of rash-headed people are allowed to risk their lives upon rotten ice. Permission in such a case is encouragement. But is prevention impossible? We will not say what services the park-keepers might be able to render in such a case. They are a body of officials of whom the nurserymaids seem to have a higher opinion than we have been able to form of them; and it must be admitted that the task of doing nothing to which they have been appointed is not favourable to the development of energy. But it would be idle to pretend that the police would be unequal to the task of keeping skaters off the ice until it was in a sound state. No gentleman, no person of any respectability, would treat their intimation that skating was forbidden—not merely unsafe—with contempt, and defy it; and as for the roughs, the simple plan would be to take into custody and lock up on the spot any one who should attempt to break the law by insisting upon skating. If what is now done with ease upon the Serpentine had been done in the Regent's Park on Tuesday last, we should not have had to deplore one of the most heart-rending calamities even of an age so fertile of disaster.

#### VICTOR COUSIN.

ONE of the most learned and brilliant of French philosophers has just passed away. For the first part of his life he was the idol of French society, and during the latter almost neglected. With a wealth of learning nearly equal to Hamilton's, and with a style nearly as clear as Mill's, he has bequeathed to posterity no distinctive doctrine. Once a thousand pupils hung upon his lips, and now he has scarce a follower. And the reasons are not far to seek. The explanation lies in his system. For a moment, however, let us glance at the life of this remarkable man, for the period of a man's life often helps to explain if not his doctrines, at least the cause of their rise and fall, and, especially with such a nation as the French, of their becoming the fashion of the hour. The son of a clock-maker, Victor Cousin was born on the 28th of November, 1792, at Paris, at the period of the Revolution. He was educated at the Lycée Charlemagne, where he carried off most of the prizes, distinguishing himself especially in rhetoric, and showing also a great taste for music. He afterwards entered the École Normale, where Laromiquière and Royer-Collard were then lecturing. This was the turning point of his career. In 1815

he was chosen to fill the chair of Royer-Collard. Then was it that he began to develop the doctrines of Reid and Stewart, which his former master had first introduced into France. In 1817 he paid his first visit to Germany; and on his return became the eloquent exponent of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. Troubles, however, awaited him. The Government, alarmed not only by his eloquence but by his political views, instituted a prosecution against him. Finally, in 1822, he was suspended from his professorship. For a time he retired into private life. In 1824 he paid his second visit to Germany; and here again fresh troubles beset him. At Dresden he was arrested by the police as a Carbonarist, and in consequence suffered six months imprisonment at Berlin. With the change of Ministry, however, he was reinstated in his professorship. Then was it that his lectures became the rage of Paris. Then crowds of youth, such as have never been seen since the days of Abelard, whose writings Victor Cousin himself edited, flocked to hear his eloquence. The Revolution in 1830 brought him new honours. He was made councillor of state, and raised to the dignity of peer of France. In 1848, at the fall of the house of Orleans, Cousin associated himself with the Government of General Cavaignac. Then was it, hoping if not to overthrow at least to moderate the ultra-Socialistic doctrines then so prevalent, he wrote his "Justice et Charité," and published an edition of the "Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard," to which he has prefixed a preface. Finally, in 1849, he retired into private life. Such are some of the outward facts in the life of this most remarkable man. We will now turn to his system. In England he was first introduced to public notice by an article of Sir William Hamilton's in the *Edinburgh Review*, and since republished—an article which is perhaps the finest and most effective of all Hamilton's writings. Readers will doubtless remember Mill's high praise of "the celebrated and striking review of Cousin's philosophy," or, as Mill also calls it, "the celebrated piece of philosophical criticism." The value of Sir William Hamilton's criticism ought, in fairness, to be characterized by the word of his great opponent:—"In this contest it is almost superfluous for me to say that I am entirely with Sir William Hamilton. The doctrine that we have an immediate or intuitive knowledge of God, I consider to be bad metaphysics, involving a false conception of the nature and limits of the human faculties, and grounded on a superficial and erroneous psychology. Whatever relates to God, I hold with Sir William Hamilton to be matter of inference—I would add of inference *à posteriori*. And so far as Sir William Hamilton has contributed, which he has done very materially, towards discrediting the opposite doctrine, he has rendered, in my estimation, a good service to philosophy." We have quoted these bold words because we feel convinced that "truth, like a torch, the more it's shook it shines." Free discussion, if carried on in a becoming and reverent manner, must ever bring good results. Cousin's philosophy was, in short, a reaction from that of the eighteenth century. He set himself the task of overthrowing the Experience School. He adopts the psychological method, and above all recommends the plan of our retiring upon our consciousness. His supposed great discovery consisted in the doctrine that "consciousness contained many more phenomena than had previously been suspected." He is, in fact, an idealist, or spiritualist, as the reader chooses; brilliant but mystical, learned but inconsistent. Thus, his conceptions of the Deity repose upon primitive beliefs, which may remind us of a certain well-known passage in the "De Naturâ Deorum." Again, too, he considers that the universe must be regarded as "a manifestation of the Deity, but not the Deity himself." Now, it is obvious that a philosophy of this kind, coming immediately after the days of Condillac, adorned with brilliance, supported with learning, and delivered with not less eloquence than enthusiasm, was sure to attract minds that had hitherto been unable to find any repose, much less comfort, from what to them were merely barren doctrines. For we must ever remember that there are, and ever will be, a large class of minds to whom spiritualism is, in our own Bacon's words, "the haven or sabbath of man's contemplation," that ever sighs for the reconciliation of philosophy and religion. And this was what Cousin supposed that he had accomplished. And to all such minds his teaching must have seemed like spring coming after the dreary barrenness of winter. And we must remember, too, that in a vague sort of way, without, however, the authors being aware of the fact, much of the popular religion both in Europe and America is more or less a kind of Cousinism. Thus in England, what is generally termed the "Broad Church" is in a certain degree Cousinism or Platonism, however little inclined its supporters would be to acknowledge the fact. In the United States, too, where German transcendentalism has always



maintained so strong a hold, Cousin is more popular than anywhere else. And the reason is that which we have given, the necessity in certain minds for something to lean upon, even though it be a shadowy mysticism. But when we come to examine Cousin's philosophy, its value quickly disappears. His speculations on religion will not bear analysis. Thus, to take the passage which we have already quoted, that the universe must be considered as "a manifestation of the Deity, but not the Deity Himself,"—the logical conclusion from such premises is Pantheism. And though Cousin most strenuously repudiated the slightest affinity to the doctrines of Spinoza, yet there is no escape. And in the same way, though from a different cause, it has been well said that his lectures made all logical minds not Cousinists but Spinozists. And here let us say a few words upon his great principle of Eclecticism. As is well known he regarded Sensualism, Idealism, Scepticism, and Mysticism, all too narrow; and considered it his mission to reconcile them all, by eliminating their errors and assimilating their truths. As M. Berchon de Penhoën has well said—"La philosophie de M. Cousin se réduit, en effet, à ses deux élémens. D'une main, M. Cousin perfectionné, continue la psychologie des écoles française et écossaise, de l'autre il emprunt à l'école de Hegel ses résultats historiques. Mais quel est le lien de ces deux choses? comment sont-elles arrivées à se mêler, à se confondre sous une forme nouvelle? c'est ce que nous ne pouvons concevoir." For those who wish to carry out the train of thought which is here suggested, we should advise them to turn to Mr. G. H. Lewes's remarks on "Eclecticism" in his account of Cousin in his "Dictionary of Philosophy." Eclecticism, we may briefly remark, is, from its very nature, an absurdity. There can only be two schools—the dogmatic and the critical. Cousin aimed to be both, and something more. Hence his failure as the founder of a school. As Mr. Lewes remarks, Eclecticism, as a subsidiary process, is valuable, and has always been more or less practised. To make it the foundation-stone of his system was Cousin's mistake. And this brings us back to what we started with; Cousin has left no followers, and bequeathed no distinctive doctrine which will be associated with his name. The reason is obvious. Turn, however, to the fortune that has befallen his great contemporary, Comte. Without entering into the question of right or wrong, Positivism, from the very fact of its being Positivism, has secured a large personal following. Cousinism, which, on the other hand, is merely patchwork, from that very fact also, has established no school, but has now rather tended to set up a reaction towards Positivism. Of Cousin's speculations upon Natural Philosophy, upon Beauty and Sublimity—that our ideas about the latter arise from "a fixed and determined relation established between physical sensibility and sensible intuition, on the one hand, and reason and judgment on the other"—we can only say that they have shared the same fate as most other transcendental views. It would, however, be most unjust to conclude this notice, in which we have so freely expressed our opinion, without paying our tribute to Cousin as a most eloquent teacher, a sound philosophical historian, a most fascinating writer, and a true lover of freedom, whose aim was to elevate and purify daily life. In a word, Cousin is a French Coleridge of a severer mould and greater practical knowledge. Where Coleridge left all in a mass of confusion, Cousin systematized. Where Coleridge dreamt poetic visions, Cousin quickened them into life. Where Coleridge merely scattered thoughts and speculations, Cousin built them into form. But the work of both is equally unsatisfactory. And the doctrines of the one must share the same fate as the rhapsodies of the other.

#### PUBLISHERS AND AUTHORS.

Much has of late been written on the subject of the invariable hostility between employers and employed. Strikes, trades' unions, combinations to raise wages, the law of master and servant which punishes servants as criminals but treats masters as civil contractors, have all received their share of attention. We have been told on the one hand that all men are free, and therefore the balance should be equal between the class that pays and the class that receives wages. But on the other hand we are told that the class which receives wages tyrannizes over the class that pays them, and that while the law is on the side of the masters, the strength of the law is in the hands of the servants. Without going into the political economy of the subject, we would remark that there is one branch of labour—a branch of highly skilled labour, and of labour that is often highly paid—which constantly threatens to strike for better wages. It has just put forth a manifesto detailing its grievances,

and this manifesto is signed by a leading workman. The name of James Spedding is well known, even beyond the ranks of the Mystery of Authors, and the work on which he has long been engaged, and by which he has made himself so well known, is the great modern edition of Bacon. Yet Mr. Spedding has thought it necessary to write a pamphlet complaining of his employers, the publishers; to show that, in many respects, the customs of these employers tell hardly on the authors whom they employ; and to argue that the relations of the two classes are not sufficiently fair and open. We confess that we have met with all these complaints before, and that little or nothing in Mr. Spedding's pamphlet seems to us exaggerated. But then we have heard these charges from the mouth of John Burley. It is a surprise to us when they are confirmed by Mr. Henry Norris. "If a poor devil like me might pretend to argue with a gentleman who can get his own price from the booksellers," says John Burley to Mr. Henry Norris; but what would the poor devil have said if he found the tables turned upon him in this manner? The inference he would draw from the pamphlet before us would probably be that, after all, the gentleman was the worst treated of the two, and that the man who knew what the booksellers wanted, and how much they would give, had a decided advantage.

The contrast presented by Mr. Spedding's pamphlet to the general run of attacks on publishers, reminds us rather of Sydney Smith's comparison of the torture to be experienced in being torn by wild curates and in being blandly absorbed by bishops. The publisher of old was a sort of dragon crunching the bones of poor authors. Douglas Jerrold told a story of some publisher who described an author as having some meat on him still. The same wit used rather irreverently to vary the parable of the Good Samaritan, by stating that a certain man went down to Paternoster-row and fell among thieves; and always wound up a chapter in the New Testament with "Now, Barabbas was a publisher." But the theory of publishing formed by Mr. Spedding is much more refined. He does not call publishers by hard names, or accuse them of unfair transactions. His only complaint, as far as we can see, is that the publisher professes to take 10 per cent. of the proceeds, and really takes more than 20. An author by profession would marvel at such minute calculations. Does Mr. Spedding, he would ask, want to import business habits into literary dealings? If so, he had better begin by making authors men of business. Meanwhile, the publisher, who has the advantage of doing things in a business-like way, must reap the profits of his regularity. The man who attends in his office from ten to four must be paid for it; and by the established rule, those hours are more valuable, in a mercantile way, than any number of hours in the morning or evening. We believe this necessity of the position is mostly accepted with resignation, though not with gratitude. The author feels that business is business, and that he does not transact it. With the exception of a few grumbles against the publishers who drink their champagne out of his skull, he is glad to let his skull contain so good a liquor. Perhaps he would like more of it for his own consumption, but champagne always gives him a headache, and his publisher seems to thrive on it. So he lets things take their own course, and is often thankful for the smaller mercies of Bass and Kinahan.

Mr. Spedding's irruption into this professional paradise will have peculiarly bad effects. It will make men of letters discontented, and it will annoy publishers. And, after all, what does Mr. Spedding suggest? Merely this, that the half-profit system should be discontinued, and that when authors publish on commission, they should have their eyes opened to the meaning of a percentage. Now if authors publish on commission, do they ever expect to get a commission? "Who goes a warfare at any time of his own cost?" asks the Apostle. Authors who live by writing know better. They avoid the half-profit system for the same reasons, because they know that one gets the half and the other the profits. Mr. Spedding gives an instance of an historical work which was published at 36s., and of which 1,000 copies were sold. The author's share was £50. Most of his brethren would say he was lucky to get that. It constantly happens with works published on half-profits that there is no means of knowing how many copies have been sold. The publisher is asked for his accounts and delays their production. "What is the use of making up accounts?" he asks; "the book has not paid its expenses." If accounts are insisted on, it is found that an immense sum has been swallowed up in advertising, and yet the book has not been made known to the public. Mr. Spedding complains that when accounts are given, they are not accompanied by vouchers, and especially that advertisements are often charged to the author without having cost anything to the publisher. He suggests that, instead of offering a certain share of the



proceeds of a book, the publisher should give the author a percentage on every copy sold. In this case, he says, no author would have disposed of a thirtysix-shilling book at a percentage of one shilling a copy. But would any publisher give percentage instead of taking it? And what check would the author have on the number sold or the number printed? Mr. Spedding, indeed, says that the publisher would never sell more copies on his own account than he professed to sell, because that would be called stealing. But is that name never applied to dealings on commission, or on half-profits? We will take the example Mr. Spedding gives us. He tells us that when you bargain with any firm for the publication of a volume, you are told that the copies will be accounted for at "trade-sale price, twenty-five as twenty-four." The publisher is to have 10 per cent. of the proceeds; all the rest is to go to the author. Now, if the publisher sells all the copies at the price at which he accounts for them to the author, there is nothing objectionable. But the only copies really sold at this price are those "subscribed" before or on the day of publication, and taken in lots of twenty-five by each bookseller. It is evident to any one who has experience of the sale of books, that, except with well-known authors, the majority of copies will not go by previous subscription. But as the publisher accounts to the author on the assumption that all the copies are sold in this way, a large margin is left over and above the recognised percentage. If all the copies are sold to subscribing booksellers, and in lots of twenty-five, the publisher gets the 10 per cent. for which he bargained. But if any are sold in smaller lots, or to non-subscribing booksellers, all that surplus goes to the publisher. Instead of 10 he gets 15 per cent., and this comes directly out of the author's pockets. Does Mr. Spedding wish us to understand that this is, in his opinion, a legitimate stroke of business?

We quite understand the reluctance of authors to let the proceeds of their labours go to men who need only hold out their hands for the money. The work of a publisher seems so slight and unimportant that Mr. Spedding would dispense altogether with such a go-between writer and reader. But we must remember that all trades have their capitalist, and many of them have their patron into the bargain. Some of the most promising literary speculations have failed even when they were making money, because there was no capital in hand for the daily expenses. The publisher finds the money, or at least the security for the money; in cases where a book is published on half-profits he takes all the risk, and even where a book is published on commission he has some responsibility. The secret of the inordinate percentages he makes on books which pay is that he loses on a great many books which ought to pay. That he deserves to lose for publishing such trash as is often sent into the world with the sole object of annoying the reviewers, is no reason for grudging him his honest gains when a good book proves successful. If the labourer is worthy of his hire the farmer is worthy of the price of his corn. But we agree with Mr. Spedding that as things now stand the literary corn-exchange might fairly be reformed. One of the reasons why so many bad books are published is that publishers do not look to their legitimate profits and losses as strictly as they should do. They count more on one lucky venture making up for others that have been unlucky. They gain by a cookery book what they have lost on a history. It would be more to their advantage if the latter remained unpublished, and if the author of the former derived the income of a club cook from his culinary labours. Whether this be done by their giving a percentage on copies sold, or by their foregoing the advantages derived from trade connections, the publishers will find themselves thriving, and will be on good terms with their authors.

#### GOVERNMENT AND BALLET DANCING.

In Longfellow's "Spanish Student," Preciosa, the heroine, is threatened with the vengeance of the Inquisition for the scantiness of her petticoats. Before she is pulled up, however, the indignant priests desire to see an exhibition of her dangerous art, and, according to the poet, they are as affected by the Cachuca as the judges of Phryne were by that device of her advocate, which a French artist has made popular in our *carte-de-visite* shops. Mademoiselle Salvioni, of the Argentina Theatre in Rome, was not so fortunate. She was suppressed by the Pontifical authorities for embracing one of the characters in a ballet called the "Countess of Egmont." "The Lieutenant of the Vicariat being apprehensive (says the *Italie*) that the public would be shocked by this amatory exhibition, ordered Mademoiselle to discontinue it." Mademoiselle, however, refused, and the grounds of her refusal show the nicety of the

moral instinct which is cultivated in her country. She maintained that she only kissed a woman like herself dressed in male attire, and that the audience being aware of the fact, could not possibly be scandalized.

Relying on the soundness of this manner of putting it, Mademoiselle repeated the offence, whereupon the *gensdarmes* were called on to arrest her, and on the following night she was escorted by four soldiers, who attested the majesty of the law with fixed bayonets, and were prepared to shoot and slay the contumacious girl should she attempt to escape them. The people greeted her reappearance on the stage with thunders of applause. In the poem to which we have above alluded, we find the following:—

"If the public dances  
Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,  
Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure,  
As *panem et circenses* was the cry,  
Among the Roman populace of old."

We are pretty sure that Mademoiselle Salvioni was not the less popular for kissing in the teeth of the Government. The story itself is a curious one, and has some interest for us. It gives us an idea of the action of a truly paternal Executive. In Paris the military are placed in the cricket-field to prevent the Emperor's subjects from being hurt by over-hands; in Italy greater care is still bestowed upon the populace. We doubt if a Frenchman would stand interference with his ballet. Let him make his ballet, and let who will make the laws. His heart is not in cricket, and he does not object to have his head protected. Perhaps even the military are present by his tacit approval, as the police often were at a duel. But Mademoiselle should have ample room and verge enough to please him. To be sure there are certain restrictions to the *Cancale*, but not until things have gone very far indeed. In England we are drifting towards a close reliance on the aid of Government. Shall we ever call it in on a point of this kind? It is within possibility that ballet police may be established, accommodated with places near the footlights, and waiting the direction of a sergeant who had qualified himself for his office by an examination in an abridged edition of Dens' "Theology," edited by Dr. Pusey. This functionary would in truth represent the anomalous duties which a State assumes in restrictions of the kind. By bringing the principle to its legitimate but absurd conclusion, we can test the difficulties of it. If the ballet-girl must not kiss, why should the lady be allowed to cross the street in red stockings? Would not the Vicariat who conscientiously and legally interdicts theatrical embracing, find it necessary to prevent the slightest public approach to coquetry? What would the Vicariat say to our music-hall scenes, in which the feminine performers only wear scarfs and lime-light? What would be the nature of his opinion on a burlesque of heathen goddesses unclothed in the celestial fashion of our modern leg-pieces? Here is one of the advantages of living in a free country and under a free constitution. In London, the *poses plastiques* are protected by the laws, and a constable is specially dressed, shaved, and provided with Berlin wool gloves as an ornament to the casinos, while a brother officer calls the cabs, and sees gentlemen into them, who are afterwards not unfrequently robbed. There are shows in our city which would disgrace the flower-boats of China, and yet the sacred liberty of the subject must not be unduly interfered with. Now, we confess there is a difficulty, and a serious difficulty here. A vicariat lieutenant, with authority to seize a "Baron Nicholson" and his court, including the audience, would not be very popular amongst us, and still we have no objection to a raid upon cockfighters and promoters of the canine fancy. Surely cruelty to animals is in no sense apparently worse than a recognised haunt of indecency; and a man who fights a main of birds is not a more outrageous offender than a personage duly licensed to carry on for hours a filthy caricature of a trial. We doubt whether the laws against cruelty to animals are logically in accord with the principles of our Government. The objections which apply to societies for the suppression of vice, and which apply to giving a power for its suppression as vice to the civil authorities, are as applicable to cruelty as to immorality. The manifest hurt given to our feelings in one case, the indignation roused by the sight of a beast under torture, suggested a resort to the Legislature which results in the horse not being flogged or driven openly to death. It might, indeed, be worth while to analyze this fierce indignation of ours on the point, and to see whether it is not composed more of a regard for our own sensibilities than for the pain inflicted on the brute. To a certain degree we invoke the help of law to preserve a sufficient modesty for ordinary purposes amongst us, and though we are not excessive in our requirements as to the amount, and although Madame Salvioni would not shock us, we have a standard. It is not very



high we must admit. Menken, who revived the antediluvian costume, attracted full houses, and no Vicariat interfered with her Mazeppa. We allow these matters to right themselves; but it is just possible that our sensitiveness will be blunted into depravity, by the repetition of a voluptuous indecency, and that in the end we shall have to call upon the Executive to do for us what we ourselves have failed to effect. We rely on the strength and vigour of public mind, of the English public mind, which will not tolerate (this is our flattering estimate of ourselves), an offence against its common virtue. In cases, this public mind has sustained such a character. Mr. Swinburne was treated by his critics much as Mademoiselle Salvioni was by the Vicariat; but in his case the public supported the critics, and if Mr. Swinburne offered an excuse in his apology similar to that of the dancer, it only made his condition the worse. But we cannot always rely on this kind of national chastity. Macaulay said we periodically got fits of it; and that Byron suffered ill treatment during one of our attacks. Gentlemen who raged at Mr. Swinburne have unconsciously permitted some things to pass under their noses not much better than the "Laus Veneris." Foreigners, who have not the advantages of knowing how extremely pure we are in books, must be astonished at the aspect of our most popular amusements; and must feel inclined to question the literary anchoritism of a nation in whose metropolis thousands of half-naked women display themselves in public for money. We are not overstating the case. We are convinced the functions of Government in this respect are just as misunderstood by us as by the College of Cardinals, only that at present, perhaps, we err on the safer side. But we may be driven to a Vicariat when we have gone too far ourselves. There were games in Athens at which ladies were forbidden to be present, and games at Sparta in which they were compelled to take a part. To the Romans Salvioni may have been as Menken might be to us. Supposing Menken were to become more audacious, should we not then have to make a vicariat lieutenant? The Lord Chamberlain already stands in that position, but his jurisdiction is limited and in abeyance. Is he aware that infants of four and five years of age are brought upon the stage of more than one singing-room and taught to give out vulgar slang ditties, while the poor little creatures are palpitating with fright and nervousness, and their weak baby-voices half choked with the reek of punch and tobacco? The excesses of all kinds demanded by the London populace for their enjoyment indicates the worst features in the English character. The example we give above is only one out of many, and although we have no desire to put a constable in charge of the Decalogue, and although we would not support a bridewell for the keep of the most impudent of dancers, there is still a little to be done in curing our people of appetites which are depraved almost beyond the sense of being shocked. If Mademoiselle Salvioni were to perform in this city, the audience would consider themselves unfairly dealt with if she kissed only a sister actress.

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WHILE France is bent on increasing her already large army, Italy designs to reduce hers. General Cugia, the present Minister of War in the latter country, has published a very elaborate report on the present state of the army, and on the proposed reductions, which appear to have been somewhat unwillingly made, and only in deference to the urgent representations of Signor Scialoja, the Finance Minister, that he cannot make the two ends meet at all without some mitigation of the present enormous outlay on armaments. The concession made to economy, however, is not very large, being a saving for the present year of less than £2,000,000 sterling, and in future years of about £1,000,000 on the normal peace estimates of the year before the late war, when the army—not unnaturally, considering what the future evidently had in store—was of immense size, and fearfully expensive. Certain battalions are "provisionally" suppressed; but the men will fill up the companies of corps, and the army could, if necessary, be restored to its present strength in a fortnight. The unquiet state of Europe is of course the excuse for still maintaining so large and costly a force; but it is well known that Victor Emmanuel himself is personally inclined to military display, and that he is surrounded by a clique of officers who uphold him in his martial tastes. Of these, General Cugia is one of the principal, and the economizing projects of a Signor Scialoja—who is a financier of really sound and reforming tendencies—have

been damaged by the demands of the War Minister. His Budget, however, is perhaps as good as it could be under the circumstances, since it makes certain reductions, and does not add to the debt. It is a great pity that the Italian Government generally cannot be persuaded to give more attention to the internal prosperity of the country than to its external ambition. Great distress at the present moment prevails in the territories of Victor Emmanuel. At Venice, out of 110,000 inhabitants, 30,000 are receiving assistance from public charity, and in the Island of Sardinia the peasants are reduced to eat herbs and roots. The natural resources of Italy are splendid; but they need development by private capital and a vigorous and pacific Government.

It is said that Signor Tonello has got on very fairly in his negotiations with the Pope; but then his instructions had reference only to ecclesiastical questions, and did not touch on the much greater topic of the temporal power. So far, his Holiness appears to have been conciliatory; but it is difficult to believe that he will be equally so whenever the future of Rome in connection with Italy comes to be discussed. In the meanwhile, he has been giving a proof of the inveterate mediævalism of his mind. He has made known, through our consul, Mr. Severn, that certain Scotch Presbyterian services, which for the last six years have been regularly performed in Rome during the six months when foreigners are most numerous there, must be discontinued, as they are prohibited by Roman law, and that Mr. Lewis, the minister, has "placed himself in the power of the Inquisition, both for arrest and imprisonment." Cardinal Antonelli affects to believe that the holding of these services was quite unknown to the authorities during the six years of their existence, though no attempt at concealment has ever been made, and notice has been regularly given at the principal banks, hotels, and reading-rooms. The persons attending these services were all British; there has been an entire absence of ostentation in the mode of conducting them, and no attempt at propagandism is even alleged. The Pope himself, however, has moved in the matter, and we see in this act one of the first results of the greater freedom accruing to priestly government from the departure of the French troops. Religious liberty is attacked at the very moment when the Pope is complaining to the Russian Government of its despotic interference with Catholic priests. It is anticipated, too, that the American service, which is now held in a separate hired room, will also be suppressed. What is to be done with a Government which sets itself so obstinately in defiance of the civilization of the age? The Pope learns nothing, and forgets nothing. But there is a certain "logic of events" which he may be compelled to accept.

A TURKISH ship having fired into the Italian mail-packet *Principe Tommaso*, belonging to the Adriatico-Oriental Company, on her voyage from Brindisi to Alexandria, the Government of Victor Emmanuel has demanded reparation of that of the Sultan. The alleged outrage took place in Cretan waters, and, according to the statement of the commander of the Italian vessel, nothing was done by him to justify such a measure, and he came to a stand directly he was summoned to do so. Ali Pasha, however, in his reply to the note of Count della Croce, the Italian representative at Constantinople, affirms that the *Principe Tommaso* came too near the blockade, and, moreover, at a point close to where the insurgents were concentrated; that the movements of the vessel were suspicious; that at the same time a fire was lighted on shore by the insurgents; that, upon being required to stop, the stranger immediately put out all her fires and lights, and made off with the utmost speed; that, being chased, she refused to heed the reiterated signals of the Turkish vessel *Talia*; that she was equally regardless of a shot fired across her bows, and shifted her course; that, at length, the *Talia* fired at her, and that only then did she stop, and give an explanation of her nationality and character. Assuming these statements to be correct, it is tolerably clear that the *Principe Tommaso* brought her disgrace upon herself, and that the Italian Government has no very strong case against the Turkish. We have no sympathy with Ottoman misrule; but it is not unnatural that the Sultan's Government should do its best to protect itself against what certainly looked, at first sight, like an attempt to communicate with the insurgents against whom it is contending. The firing by a Turkish vessel on an unarmed crowd of Cretans, including women and children, is another matter, supposing the story to be true. Such an act is of a piece with the crowning atrocity of Nana Sahib.



THE reception by the Sultan of the new French Ambassador, M. Bourrée, was so splendid and marked in its honours that some of the other foreign representatives (not, however, including the English) felt jealous, and asked for explanations of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Yet the speech made by M. Bourrée, though containing plenty of "soft sawder," was a little patronizing, and with a touch of warning too. "The Emperor," he said, "is not insensible to any of the measures by which your Majesty has endeavoured, and will endeavour, to increase the prosperity of the populations submitted to your sceptre. It is especially by developing the immense resources, the bases of public and private wealth, which the Ottoman empire possesses, that it appears to him that object ought to be attained." He also spoke of the revolt in Candia, and reminded the Sultan that it was "moderation" which had already "served to settle the recent questions of the Principalities and of Montenegro." *L'International* not unfairly interprets the effect of M. Bourrée's remarks when it says:—"This is the language of a friend, but also of a protector. France wishes for the maintenance of the Turkish power, but insists on the sacrifices or reforms necessary. She does not wish the death of the sinner or sick man, but let him amend or heal himself." Very true; but it is a somewhat peremptory tone to adopt towards an independent Power.

THE Hungarians are by no means disposed to submit to the Imperial Patent on the reorganization of the army issued from Vienna on the 5th instant. Nothing can be more legitimate than their opposition. The attempt to impose the conscription on Hungary, without the consent of the Parliament of that nation, is as unconstitutional an act as could have been committed, and the Hungarians could only have accepted it by renouncing all the rights for which they have been contending for many years. In the firm, but temperate, address to the Emperor praying for the withdrawal of the Patent, and the restoration of the Constitution, which has recently been introduced into the Diet, the matter is placed in a very plain light:—

"That undoubted right of Hungary, according to which the settlement of her defensive system, and every modification, can only be carried out with the assent of the Diet, is as old as the constitution of the country: our laws, Royal diplomas, the Pragmatic Sanction, and the invariable practice of our constitutional life, have equally guaranteed this right. When, in 1715, the standing army was introduced as a new and more serviceable form of the defensive system, it was the Legislature of the country that arranged it for Hungary. Every change, however slight, that has since been introduced among us into the defensive system, has been determined by the Diet. This right is a vital condition of our constitution, and generally of all constitutionalism, which the country can never give up. The Imperial decree, with respect to the defensive system recently issued, is a new and positive denial of this indisputable right. And we, who consider it our most sacred duty repeatedly to urge that the suspended constitution be first of all fully restored, should sin against the fatherland, which has intrusted to us the defence of its rights—we should err also against the respect due to your Majesty, which commands us to be sincere—if we were to pass over in silence this latest measure of the absolutist system."

In the meanwhile, the Imperial Government, "abandoning the ground of the February constitution," has convoked an extraordinary Reichsrath for the entire empire, and talks of "appealing to the people." The answer of the Hungarian people may be counted on beforehand.

WE learn from the American papers that at Charleston and Raleigh negroes are being extensively flogged, in order to disqualify them for voting. We sincerely trust this is not true. There is something beyond measure revolting in such a step. To submit a poor creature to the degradation of the lash in order to brand it for ever as unfit for the duties of citizenship, and to do so on political grounds, appears to us to be as uncivilized a proceeding as that of the Dahomey custom, and its promoters must be simply as barbarous as the savages who scalp prisoners and devour missionaries. It is absurd to say so hideous a practice is the result of Mr. Johnson's vetoes. If it is a fact at all, it is the consequence of an exceptional brutality for which no statesman could be prepared.

DOUBTS were rife a little while ago as to the cohesion of the Liberal party, and even as to the willingness of Mr. Gladstone to take the lead of its ranks in the House of Commons. The right honourable gentleman, however, in his capacity of leader of the Opposition, has addressed the following circular to each of his political friends:—"Florence, Jan. 10, 1867.—Sir,—The

meeting of Parliament has been fixed for the 5th of February, and, as it is highly probable that business of great public importance will come under its consideration at the opening of the session, I take the liberty of expressing my hope that it may be consistent with your convenience to be in your place on that day.—I have the honour to be your very faithful servant, W. E. GLADSTONE." This at least shows that Mr. Gladstone is not disposed to take the advice of the *Edinburgh Review*, and give up the chieftainship of the Liberals to some Adullamite waiter upon Providence.

AN important paper was read this week before the Society of Arts by Captain Henry Toynbee, on "Mercantile Marine Legislation, as effecting the Number and Efficiency of British Seamen." To remedy the scarcity and appease the discontent of our sailors he would have the Government establish a pension fund and life insurance adapted to the circumstances of seamen and their families, and a benefit fund put a stop to scurvy in the mercantile marine; increase the space allowed them on board ship, and have it properly lighted, ventilated, &c.; make provision to insure them the receipt of their pay on arrival in port, and for the inspection of all ships' forecastles and provisions; provide for the admission of English boys into the mercantile marine, as a means of national defence in case of war, as well as an honest employment of subjects instead of allowing them to be supplanted by foreigners; and to make grants of public lands in our seaports for married sailors' homes, sailors' clubs, and institutes. Captain Toynbee made out a clear case for some amendment of the condition of our seamen, and showed in what respects—notably that of the Merchant Seamen's Fund, by which, in plain words, they were swindled—they had a right to complain. As much as £7,000 a year, of unclaimed wages and effects of deceased merchant seamen, is paid into the Consolidated Fund, which ought to be spent in improving the condition of that particular service. Scurvy has increased three-fold in the last few years, and provisions are often bad. The price of beef that will pass inspection for troops is £8. 7s. per tierce of 304 lbs., while the price of that supplied to ships is from £5. 10s. to £6. 10s. As to ventilation, Captain Toynbee says he has seen forecastles and seamen's chests in first-class ships black from the gas which rises from the cargo, and which smells like sewage, especially in sugar-ships. Can we wonder, with such facts before us, that the merchant service is not a favourite with Englishmen, and that every year sees the percentage of foreigners in the crews of British ships increased?

WE observe it stated that during the late gales, that is to say those previous to the 14th instant, the boats of the Royal Lifeboat Institution have saved one hundred and eleven lives. The boats at Looe, Exmouth, Kingstown, Poole, Dungeness, Teignmouth, Walmer, North Deal, Kingsgate, and St. Andrews, put off, but so terrible was the weather that it was found simply impossible to propel them against the waves. The annual meeting of the Institution will be held next month, when the Prince of Wales will preside. We urged its claims upon the public gratitude and support last week. Can it be necessary to say more now than that last year its boats saved 900 lives?

BETHNAL-GREEN appears to maintain its well-earned position as a parish most prolific in instances of Poor-law mismanagement and cruelty. A case from this parish, which is just now occupying the attention of the Poor-law Board, will bear comparison with the most brilliant achievements of the guardians for the utter indifference to human suffering which it exposes. On the 2nd of January, a married woman, named Ferry, was taken in labour about nine o'clock in the morning, and her friends endeavoured to get a cab and remove her to the hospital. A cabman, who seems to be possessed with a conscience suited to the district, refused to take the woman under five shillings, and when that sum was obtained his demand suddenly increased to seven shillings. The latter sum having been unattainable, the woman was confined on the floor. At six o'clock in the evening an order for the attendance of Mr. Massingham, the medical officer of the district, was obtained; but that person said he could not come that evening, and gave the messenger some medicine for the patient. At half-past ten next morning Mr. Massingham was again requested to attend, as the woman now appeared to be dying; but his reply was, "I can't help that; I can only go on my usual rounds." A little girl, the daughter, next came crying



to the medical officer, and told him that her mother was dying. The reply she received was "Fiddle-de-dee—non-sense! If your mother was put to bed yesterday, it is not to be said that she will die to-day. It is not any good crying—that will not bring her back again." At last the midwife came, and as she was able to inform Mr. Massingham that his patient was turning blue, he said that he was about going his rounds, and would call upon her first. He did not call upon her, but sent his son, a medical student, who arrived at eleven o'clock and found the woman dying, and she died shortly afterwards. It is but fair to Mr. Massingham to state that he explains his conduct by saying that the form of the order for his attendance did not show the case to be an urgent one; that the messengers who came did not explain its nature; and that when he ultimately went out upon that round during which he was to visit Mrs. Ferry, he was taken suddenly ill with dysenteric diarrhoea, and compelled to return home. It would also appear that he has, during the 28 years he has been in the parish, given satisfaction to the guardians, and has received presents from them. This fact, however, remains, that notwithstanding the frequent applications made to him, the woman was left to die without seeing him. So long, as a district of 20,000 inhabitants, producing 3,000 to 4,000 cases of illness in the year, is left to the care of a single medical man, at a miserable stipend, we must expect the recurrence of cases like this, disgraceful to even Bethnal-green humanity.

THERE is a report current in scientific circles, that the British Association is on its last legs—a literal case of atrophy. Of the founders and earliest supporters, some are dead, and others have wriggled themselves into berths, the creation of which was one of the objects of the Association; others have grown rich and fat, so that altogether the peripatetic philosophers are in a bad case. By way of infusing a little energy into their body, it is proposed to alter the system of electing the permanent officers, as well as the presidents of sections. At present they really elect themselves, and the Association has thus become a sort of close vestry, the members of which are devotedly fond of puffing each other in the well-known reciprocity system, and in abusing everybody outside their circle. If the election of officers were thrown open to the life and annual members, it is just possible that in some case a "pushing" man might be elected, but new blood would be infused into the management. There is no necessity of "pushing" under the present arrangement, because the system seems to be: "You elect my man this year, and I will elect your man next year." If the Association is worth preserving at all, which we very much doubt, the elections should be by voting-papers, so that every member might be able to exercise his privilege. To confine the right of voting to such persons as could come in person and drop their votes into the ballot-box, would disfranchise more than half the members, and make the supposed free choice a nullity. There is one wealthy and learned society in London, which, by adopting the latter system, has virtually placed the election of new fellows in the hands of half a dozen men.

A PLAN, by which railway passengers are enabled to signal the guard, was on Monday last tried on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway with such good results that it is difficult to see how even the most obstinate of railway directors can refuse a modification of the present system of prison travelling. The invention—which is that of Mr. Lekeux, a mechanic, and Mr. Wishart, a chemist—consists of a tube containing a detonator and light-signal ready charged. This tube is inserted through the roof of the carriage, so that the part containing the detonator and signal is outside; the other end of the tube within reach of the passenger, presenting a small slit wide enough to receive the end of a railway ticket, and containing a pair of claws or jaws coated with a chemical substance having an affinity for another substance on the end of the ticket. If the passenger thrusts the ticket into the opening, a match in the interior of the tube becomes lighted, a report is heard, and the carriage displays a brilliant coloured light, which burns sufficiently long to attract the attention of the guard. Should the alarm be a needless one, the marked ticket will point out which of the occupants of the carriage is the culprit. Railway companies have hitherto evinced such very little desire to fall in with any views for the convenience of their passengers that we cannot hope to see this or any other system of signalling adopted without delay. If, however, they do not willingly concede something to the public, it will remain to be seen what compulsion will extract from them.

THE clerical journals frequently contain advertisements for clergymen who can "conduct a choral service," or "train a choir," and possess "a knowledge of music" and "a good voice." An intoned service, with choral accompaniments, is common enough, as we all know; and now that the harp has been introduced into the services at St. Andrew, Wells-street—concerning which, and the performance of "the Creed of this Mass" of Gounod, the new monthly periodical, the *Church Choirmaster*, elegantly says, "Mr. Barnby has driven his fist through the prejudice which would forbid the use of any instrument in church but the organ"—it is impossible to say to what point, in connection with ecclesiastical frippery, musical novelties will be carried. But, as sensationalism is the order of the day, there are, perhaps, clergymen who think it politic to heighten the sobriety of divine worship by the aid of startling effects and sensuous innovations. And in these matters, as in ocean yacht races, we can look to our go-ahead friends across the Atlantic to surpass us in the race for novelty. At a certain church in New York a "choir of singing priests" have appeared and have been exceedingly attractive. A duet by the Rev. J. S. B. Hodges and the Rev. Dr. Neely, a baritone solo by the former, "for whom it was originally written," and a trio by this same gentleman, the Rev. W. H. Cooke, and the Rev. Dr. Tucker, of Troy, are mentioned as among the musical gems of the service. Now, if this sort of thing goes on, and is copied on this side the Atlantic, we shall be prepared to see, in addition to the ordinary intimation that the sermon will be preached by the Rev. Mr. So-and-so, a notice that "a solo will be sung by the gifted baritone, the Rev. Notsing Small, his first appearance at this church," and that, "at a considerable expense, an engagement for a limited number of Sundays has been effected with the popular tenor, surnamed the Clerical Sims Reeves—the Rev. Dilly Tanty."

WHEN Sancho, at the inauguration feast of his island, sat down to a dainty dish which was removed by his physician before he had tasted it, the feelings of the Governor of Barataria may be readily imagined, and have been fully described by his faithful biographer. Not only does history repeat itself, but fiction is oftentimes much nearer to truth than we had suspected it to be. The Bishop of Verdun, who has recently died, was so great a sufferer from his habitual gluttony at table, that, when he dined, an attendant was posted close to his chair whose especial duty was to prevent Monseigneur from eating more than was good for him. We presume that this attendant was a physician, who would be properly qualified to judge in what way good digestion should wait on appetite; but whatever his rank it is clear, that the post of this comptroller of the episcopal stomach was no sinecure, and that to a servant who desired to retain his place, it would require no small amount of courage to cry "Hold! enough!" when his master was unwilling to abstain from some tempting delicacy that had been placed before him.

THE Court of Queen's Bench promises to be one of the most lively places in London. Early in the week it presented an unusually brilliant appearance, for, in addition to one of Miss Fray's applications to commit anybody for anything, no less distinguished a person than a descendant of James II. sought the assistance of the Court. This gentleman, whose name is Derbyshire, and who is described by the reporters as a quiet, respectable-looking man, informed the Court that he was the rightful heir of England, but beyond this valuable piece of information he had nothing further to say, nor any motion to make, and, therefore, quietly resumed his seat. Miss Fray, whose application related not to the kingdom but to an affidavit, was not so easily disposed of. The threat of the Chief Justice to commit her for interrupting the business of the Court only led her to express a most vehement desire that she might be committed, and she departed in very ill-humour at not being indulged in her wish. It is right, beyond question, that courts of justice should be open to the public, but that they should be free to such public nuisances as these is at best a doubtful advantage.

THE scenes of ruffianism which take place on the ice at St. James's Park beggar description, and on Sunday the place was almost entirely in the hands of the roughs. We have devoted an article to the appalling catastrophe with which the metropolitan year so inauspiciously opened. Though the destitution caused by the severity of the weather is in some places excessive, we should warn our readers against the gangs



of hulking rogues who go shouting through the streets, "We're all frozen out." In nine cases out of ten these fellows trade in the misdirected sympathy of those who believe them, and we heard four of the gentry respectively refuse 1s. 6d. for bringing a few birds from Regent-street to the nearest district of Bayswater. From this it would appear that the lugubrious dodge pays better than honest employment. Several householders complain of the difficulty of getting the snow and ice removed from their roofs, and from before the door-steps, so exorbitant are the charges of the vagabonds who "are all frozen out and have got no work to do."

OF skating and "Performers on Pattens" we spoke last Saturday, on the evening of which day the sports on the ice were resumed, and the fen-men were once again moving on their pattens. During the early part of this week several "patten races" and "patten matches" have been held in the fen districts of East Anglia, where the meres, lodes, dykes, and cuttings, offer greater facilities to skaters than can be obtained in other counties.

THERE died last week in Worcester a faithful citizen of that "faithful city" which had been so greatly benefited by his extensive, yet unostentatious, charities. We refer to Mr. William Perrins, whose name, in conjunction with that of his partner in business, Mr. Lea, is known throughout the world as the introducers and makers of the Worcestershire Sauce. The names of public benefactors ought to be recorded; and, as it is not generally known who may be that *incognito* "nobleman" to whom the votaries of the gastronomic art are indebted for the recipe of this excellent sauce, we may here take the opportunity of divulging it, lest it should be relegated to some *Notes and Queries* of the future among the inquiries as to the authorship of "Junius's Letters," and the age of Adam at his birth. Messrs. Lea & Perrins, then, were indebted for the recipe of their world-famed sauce to the late Lord Sandys, of Ombersley Court, Worcestershire, a gallant Peninsular and Waterloo hero, whose handsome English face is seen to advantage, just behind the figure of his great Captain, in the well-known engraving of "The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher at La Belle Alliance."

## FINE ARTS.

### MUSIC.

AT the orchestral popular concerts commenced at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday last (to be continued on three nights of each week), an excellent band is assembled, composed of many of the best instrumentalists attached to both our great opera houses. The performance of overtures and other orchestral works by such skilled artists cannot fail to be admirable, and would be still more so with a little modification of that energy in the trombones and ophicleide encouraged systematically by Signor Ardit, the conductor. The excessive force with which these instruments are sometimes used in the *forte* passages, is such as frequently to overwhelm and obscure the details of the stringed instruments, which are in fact the prominent features of the composition—so that what should be properly an accessory and subsidiary effect is thrust forward as a primary element. In the overtures played on Saturday this was several times observable. In the overture to "Oberon," for instance, notwithstanding the number and excellence of the violin players, the beautiful passages so admirably executed by them were often almost hidden under the thick veil thrown forward by the blatant chords of the stronger brass instruments. This is a vice peculiar to modern Italian opera, with which style Signor Ardit seems chiefly to sympathize. These coarse effects may be all very well in the music of Verdi, but are solecisms in the refined and thoughtful works of the classical composers. Signor Ardit makes no distinction between the degree of *forte* permissible in the use of the trombones in a concert room or theatre, and the rampant energy which might be tolerated in a military band on the march to battle. Signor Ardit has many merits as a conductor—he knows his orchestra and his score well; he is energetic, decisive, and clearly intelligible in his indications to the players; but his encouragement of exaggerated noise in the subsidiary brass instruments is a defect in taste and judgment. The orchestral fantasia by Glinka ("Souvenir d'une Nuit d'Été à Madrid"), played on Saturday for the first time in this country, is quite unworthy the reputation of one who has been styled "the founder of Russian national opera." Glinka, who has been dead about ten years, was a composer of considerable, but scarcely of exceptional merit. There is a vein of tender grace and refined melancholy in some of his music, but no indication of the power and originality requisite to found a school of national opera. At all events, if Glinka has, by his two or three stage works, laid such a foundation, no succeeding Russian composer seems as yet to have commenced building on it. The fantasia referred to can scarcely take rank as a com-

position properly so called, since it has neither the structure nor design belonging to a work of art; being merely a succession of Spanish dance-tunes, with a few fanciful elaborations and details, effectively scored and pleasantly reflective of national character. One of the principal features of Saturday's concert was the excellent pianoforte playing of Miss Madeline Schiller, whose execution possesses such power, certainty, and brilliancy, that she can scarcely fail to take a high rank as a concerto player. Mr. Thomas Harper's trumpet playing is perhaps unequalled for purity of tone and mastery over mechanical difficulties; but we wish he would play something more worthy of his powers than Arne's twaddling song, "The soldier tired." With so excellent an orchestra, and the added attractions of the vocal performances of Mdle. Agliatti (a *débutante* of much merit), Mdle. Liebhart, and Signor Foli, the concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre should prove successful during the few weeks of the present comparative scarcity of musical attractions.

At the resumption of the Monday Popular Concerts this week, Herr Joachim reappeared, playing as scarcely any other living violinist can play. With a grand tone and apparently unlimited mechanical power, this artist combines the rarer and higher faculties of dignity of style, refined expression, and that thoroughly earnest absorption in the interpretation of the inner spirit of the composer, to which so few great solo players attain. Herr Joachim's mere execution of the leading violin part of Beethoven's great quartet in B flat, and of detached pieces (unaccompanied) by Bach and the old French violinist, Leclair, was such as can scarcely be paralleled; while his admirable appreciation and realization of styles so opposite was an intellectual triumph which we are not accustomed to hear from any other violinist.

The *Musical Directory, Register, and Almanack* (Rudall, Rose, Carte, & Co.) is a useful hand-book for the musical professor and amateur, well worth the small price charged for it. In addition to much ordinary business information, it contains names and addresses of London and provincial professors, lists of musical instrument makers, of musical societies and institutions, with records of performances, and other features of interest and value. Of course, in such a work, a few errors and omissions are unavoidable; such, for instance, as retaining the names of the former conductor (Professor Sterndale Bennett), and secretary (Mr. Campbell Clarke) of the Philharmonic Society, both having some time since resigned their offices, and been replaced, the first by Mr. W. G. Cousins, the second by Mr. Stanley Lucas. The accusation, however, made against this publication by a contemporary, of altogether ignoring the Crystal Palace concerts, is unfounded; since they are mentioned at page 127, with a list of the principal pieces performed during the season. Notwithstanding some faults the book will be found extremely useful by the class to which it is addressed.

### THE LONDON THEATRES.

FOR some cause, not yet explained in the playbills, the Strand managers have produced a very wild farce, called "A Suit of Tweeds," written by Mr. F. Hay, which is a trifle more extravagant than most of the comic scenes in the pantomimes. It provides two parts for Mr. Belford and Mr. Turner that admit of any quantity of "gagging," and succeeds by the introduction of a marvellous piece of property-work, shaped like a hat, in amusing the not very critical audiences at this theatre.

Mr. George Vining has fought hard to force "Barnaby Rudge" upon the London public, and has at last given up the struggle to revive the "Streets of London." Mrs. John Wood is not acting now at this house.

Mr. Buckstone has revived the "Serious Family" at the Haymarket, and appears in his old character of Aminidab Slick—a coarse copy of the "Hypocrite." Mr. Charles Dickens has resumed his readings at St. James's Hall, giving two character sketches from his last Christmas number, and next Monday Mr. Phelps will reappear at Drury Lane in Colman's comedy of "John Bull."

### SCIENCE.

MESSRS. DE LA RUE, Stewart, and Loewy, have been investigating the relation between solar activity and the ecliptical longitude of the planets, and "believe they have discovered a connection between the appearance of sun-spots and the longitudes of Venus and Jupiter." In his interesting volume on the sun, Mr. Carrington has given a diagram exhibiting the distribution in heliographic latitude of sun-spots from time to time. If Venus and Jupiter have an influence on solar activity, it might reasonably be conjectured that when these planets cross the solar equator, the solar activity would be more confined to the equatorial regions of the sun, and that when they were furthest removed from the solar equator, this activity would extend outwards towards the solar poles. Now in Carrington's diagram there appears to be evidence of an action of this kind. The minor epochs of solar activity in their approach to the equator, closely agree with the epochs at which Venus crosses the solar equator, whilst the solar activity spreads out towards the poles at those periods when Venus is furthest removed from the solar equator. The result of their observations has led these



gentlemen to the conclusion that solar activity, as shown in the phenomena of sun-spots, would not exist but for planetary motion, any more than certain physical phenomena of the planets would be produced without solar influence.

Notwithstanding the repeated cautions which the public have received against the use of green paper for covering the walls of rooms, &c., from the dangerous effects so insidiously produced by the arsenic which forms the basis of the colouring matter of the most attractive hues—another death from this cause has just taken place at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Dr. George W. Balfour, of Edinburgh, has written a letter to the *Lancet* advocating the treatment of cholera by strychnine, which he says may be used with great hope of success even in cases of the most complete collapse, whilst when not successful in effecting a cure, it relieves the most painful symptoms—the cramps. It is not a new and untried remedy, for it was long ago recommended by M. Abeille, who states that it modifies advantageously and rapidly the phenomena of cholera by its influence upon the sensitive nerves. Even in the algide stage it excited reaction nineteen times, and of twenty-three cases there were ten recoveries. Though long lost sight of in this country, strychnine was employed with marked success during a comparatively recent outbreak of cholera in Japan by Assistant-surgeon W. Hensman, of the 2nd battalion of the 20th regiment. A brother of the writer, who is now trying it in an outbreak of cholera at Leven, Fifeshire, states that he has seen nothing which so speedily relieves the urgent symptoms or gives such hope of snatching many a serious case from the grave. The cramps soon cease, the purging and vomiting are mitigated, and in those cases in which the pulse has been imperceptible for hours it is again felt at the wrist, while the complexion changes from the horrible dull-blue tint to the natural healthy colour, and the renal secretion is generally at once restored. In fact, the urgent symptoms are immediately relieved. Should further experience confirm these results, the doctrine of *Similia similibus curantur* will receive an important verification.

The researches of M. Dupont in the caverns and quaternary deposits along the course of the River Lesse have been attended with considerable success. Fourteen caves in all were discovered; in one of which, the Chaleux Cave, about 30,000 flint implements have been exhumed, together with a plentiful assemblage of the bones of the reindeer, goat, ox, horse, boar, brown bear, fox, badger, polecat, hare, and water-rat; most of these animals are supposed to have served as food for man. The most important discoveries were made in another cave (Trou de la Noulette); here human bones (a jaw and cubitus) were found associated with bones of the wolf, Arctic bear, fox, badger, bat, marmot, water-rat, elephant (*E. primigenius*), rhinoceros, horse, reindeer, wild boar, chamois, stag, sheep, and a fish. Several of these bones had been cut and pierced by man. M. Dupont divides the quaternary deposits into three stages:—the upper stage, with *Cervus tarandus*; the middle stage, with *Ursus Spelæus*; and the lower stage, with *Elephas primigenius*.

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

### THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

THE Paris rate of exchange has become rather flat, and the supplies of gold recently received from abroad have been taken for exportation to France, together with some withdrawals from the Bank. It is not anticipated, however, that any serious drain will occur, but there is just now an exceptional demand for bullion for the Continent, in order to provide for the purchases of corn necessitated by the late deficient harvest. A similar movement from that or other causes has occasionally taken place for a week or two during some months past, but although retarding for the time, has not been able to stop the steady fall in the value of money. The rate in the open discount market is still materially below the Bank, and there was some expectation that a decline in the official minimum would have been adopted yesterday. The directors, however, seem to have considered it more prudent to avoid taking action until the effect of the present requirements of specie for exportation shall have been more fully developed. The introduction of the new foreign loans may also have influenced their decision. A reduction to 3 per cent. still, however, appears only a question of days, the tendency to ease in the money market being as marked as ever, and trade, unfortunately, showing no material symptoms of revival sufficient to employ the constantly-increasing supply of available capital.

Foreign loans of the best class appear to be once more coming into favour. Cautious investors have been so thoroughly scared by the revelations of the London, Chatham, and Dover, North British, and other companies, that they refuse as a body to have anything whatever to do with railway securities, especially debentures; and are thus turning their attention to the bonds issued by those foreign Governments which enjoy unimpeachable credit. Purchasers are doubly attracted by the validity of an obligation which cannot be disputed, and by the receipt of a high rate of interest. The great point, of

course, is to take care not to be seduced into buying—to use a mild term—such extremely speculative stocks as those issued by the Venezuelan, Mexican, and other Governments. A really good security, however, is sure to be taken. Notwithstanding the heavy depreciation which almost all the existing Russian loans have experienced, the public have never forgotten that even during the Crimean war the dividends on the Anglo-Russian stocks were as regularly paid as if the two countries had been in a state of profound peace. This proof of a desire to maintain, even under the most adverse circumstances, the public credit, has been the chief reason why the loan lately issued by Messrs. Baring has been so successful. Another project has now been brought forward, a loan of £2,000,000, nominally, for Chili. This republic has been as much characterized in the New World by good faith as Russia has been in the Old. There seems no doubt that the sum required will be subscribed many times over, and the quotation is already fully 1½ premium.

The Stock markets generally have been quiet during the week. The funds have been slightly prejudiced by sales of holders who waited to realize until after they had received their dividends. It is a constant practice for small proprietors who are about to sell to think that they get some advantage by keeping back until the half-yearly payments have been made. Of course, this is an error, since in the quotation of Consols, allowance is always made for the amount of accrued interest. On the other hand, purchases take place by persons who desire to invest the dividend money they have just received. Probably these two operations have about neutralized each other. The speculators have, however, been lately selling on the expectation of a fall through the Fenian movement and the possibility of Reform disturbances in London. As each monthly settlement comes round, there is consequently an immediate and rapid recovery from the repurchases to close these accounts. Railway stocks fluctuate from much the same reason. The public neither sell their investments nor purchase fresh amounts, and hence the daily changes are entirely brought about by speculative transactions.

A disagreeable impression has been created among the holders of financial shares by the issue of the directors' reports of the International Society and of the London Financial. In both cases it is not proposed to declare a dividend. As regards the former, it appears that the disastrous events of the past year have not only absorbed all the profits, but the great bulk of the reserve fund. In the latter a fair balance of profit is shown, but it is thought advisable to carry the whole sum forward. Not many particulars are given, but such as they are they are not encouraging. Whether from want of proper experience in managing these concerns—comparative novelties in England—or from some other cause, the administrators have contrived to lock up their funds, in a great degree, in unavailable securities, which cannot be realized even in these days of cheap money. The proceedings at the forthcoming meetings will be looked forward to with considerable interest.

On the 15th a new Act, passed last session, on the issue of railway debentures came into operation. Its provisions consist of certain amplifications of the existing law, by devising more stringent rules for lodging the names of officials empowered to execute these documents at the Board of Trade, for taking additional affidavits before justices of the peace, and several other technical matters. For all practical purposes, however, the new Act gives no greater security than the present law. When the question of insuring the validity of railway debentures comes before Parliament, as it can hardly fail to do this year, it will have to be settled in a much more comprehensive manner.

A Ministerial paper announced yesterday that an inquiry into the working of the Bank Charter Act, with reference to the events of the past year, will be proposed by the Government in the approaching session. No better course could be adopted now, although it would have been more judicious to have instituted the inquiry some months ago. There can be but one opinion as to the effect of the Act, not merely during the crisis of 1866, but on the trade of the country in the previous year. Last May it broke down for the third time, and, it is to be hoped, irremediably. Even the supporters of this unlucky measure, with the sole exception of a few persons who have no practical knowledge of business, have become its opponents. The sooner that an Act which appears made to be broken is got rid of, the better for the commercial community at large.

THE Colonial Bank of Australasia has invited subscriptions for £50,000 six per cent. debentures of the Melbourne and Hobson's Bay United Railway Company, redeemable in 1880.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## ROGERS'S "PEACE" OF ARISTOPHANES.\*

THE "Peace" of Aristophanes was celebrated in Athens at the festival of the Dionysia in the spring of 421 B.C. Both Lacedæmonians and Athenians had grown sick of thirteen years of war, and longed for peace. There was a better chance of it at this crisis than at any other time throughout the war, for the two great opponents of peace, Cleon the Athenian and Brasidas the Lacedæmonian general had fallen at Amphipolis. Aristophanes seizes the opportunity, and produces this play with the distinct purpose of directing public feeling to hopes of peace, and painting the charms of a country life in contrast with the hardships of the soldier.

The Peace of Nicias followed immediately after the Dionysia at which this comedy was acted.

These remarks will suggest the reason of the peculiar character of this play. It stands by itself. We miss the slashing satire and the easy grace with which we are familiar in the other dramas of Aristophanes. Our translator, whose book is now before us, does not scruple to call it the "tamest" of the plays, and we agree with him in thinking that the poet feels the constraint of his deep moral purpose, his serious advocacy for peace which was of such vital importance to the country. The sense of this constraint seems evident not only in the extravagance of the scenery and circumstances in the drama, but also in the needless multiplication of coarse jokes, as if the writer felt that there was something solemn in the general tone of the piece, which needed an extra touch of ribaldry to carry it off. Our readers will find some sensible hints of this peculiarity, and a remarkably graphic sketch of the feeling in Greece at this time, in Mr. Rogers's preface to his translation.

The plot of the "Peace" is briefly as follows:—Trygæus, an Attic farmer, determines to reseek Peace, who had left turbulent Hellas and retired to heaven. Like a second Bellerophon, he finds a new Pegasus in a gigantic dung-beetle, which he feeds up with its loathsome food, and then mounts it and reaches the palace of Zeus, only in time to find the gods all gone, and Hermes keeping house. Trygæus learns from him that the demon of war has immured Peace in a deep dungeon, and is preparing to pound up all the cities of Greece into a salad. By "tipping" Hermes, Trygæus manages to find Peace, and with the aid of a troop of peasants he hauls her out with her two attendants, Harvest-home and Mayfair. Then follows an elaborate sacrifice to Peace; spears and shields are at a discount, and pitchforks at a high premium; and the play concludes with the restoration of Mayfair to the senate, and the marriage and epithalamium of Trygæus and Harvest-home.

The translator of Aristophanes has no light task before him. Not only has he to deal with the elaborate variety of the choric metres, whether in the lighter lyric compositions or in the vigorous swing of Aristophanic tetrameters; not only has he to change from loud abuse to the tenderness of an idyll, from extravagant burlesque to covert satire; but, if he claim to be a faithful translator, he has to render intelligible to his readers in their own language the puns, the allusions, the by-play, the jokes, the political sarcasm, that are subtle enough to tax the capabilities of the plastic Attic dialect. To succeed in this and to be intelligible is the work of a faithful translator; to do it, and to produce a pleasing result is the proof of a skilful and spirited one.

We think that Mr. Rogers deserves our thanks on both these grounds. He has produced a version which is so terse as to run almost line for line with the Greek, while it is lively enough to tempt the mere English reader, and accurate enough to give pleasure to the scholar who has the Greek before him.

Let us take a specimen from the scene in which the chorus expresses its ecstasy at the prospect of Peace, which Trygæus announces. The chorus is seized with a fit of dancing more irrepressible than that which bears the name of St. Vitus. We commence from *τὶ τὸ κακὸν; τὶ πάσχει ἄνθρωπος* (l. 320):—

"Trygæus. What's the mischief? what's the matter? do not, by the gods, I pray,  
With your dancings and your prancings, spoil our  
noble work to-day.

Chor. Really, now, I didn't mean to; no, I didn't, I declare;  
Quite without my will my ankles will perform this  
joyous air.

Tryg. Well, but don't go on at present; cease your dancing,  
or you'll rue it.

Chor. Look, observe, I've really ceased it.

Tryg. So you say, but still you do it.

Chor. Only once, I do beseech you; only just a single hop.

Tryg. Well, then, one: make haste about it; only one, and  
then you stop.

Chor. Stop? Of course, we'll stop with pleasure, if t'will  
your designs assist.

Tryg. Well, but look, you're still proceeding.

Chor. Just, by Zeus, one other twist;

Let me fling my right leg upward, and I'll really then  
refrain.

Tryg. This indulgence, too, I'll grant you, so you don't  
offend again.

Chor. Hah! but there's my left leg also: it must have its  
turn, 'tis plain.

I'm so happy, glad, delighted, getting rid of arms  
at last,

More than if, my youth renewing, I the strength of  
age had cast.

Tryg. Well, but don't exult at present, for we're all uncertain  
still;

But when once you come to hold her, then be merry  
if you will.

Then will be the time for laughing,  
Shouting out in jovial glee,  
Sailing, sleeping, feasting, quaffing,  
All the public sights to see.  
Then the cottabus be playing,  
Then be hip-hip-hip-hurrahing;  
Pass the day and pass the night  
Like a regular Sybarite."

This has quite the twang of the original, and runs almost word for word with the Greek.

Verse translations of Aristophanes are not common among us. We do not know whether a complete edition, by one writer, has ever seen the light in this country, corresponding to the productions of Voss and Droysen in Germany, although there are many translations of one or two of the plays. Mr. Frere's specimens of Aristophanic versions, afterwards expanded into a more complete form, and Mr. Mitchell's translation of the *Acharnians*, *Knights* and *Wasps*, are the best known by English readers. Mr. Frere carries off the palm for genuine humour and vigour, but in spite of his really fine scholarship, there is a trace of laziness in his verses; Mr. Mitchell's attempts are less easy and idiomatic: it is rather as a commentator on Aristophanes than as a translator that we value his important services. Unfortunately, we cannot compare either of these two scholars with Mr. Rogers on common ground, as they have given us no version of the "Peace"; but if Mr. Rogers has not the *abandon* of Frere's versification, he will hardly lose by comparison, as he keeps out of the temptation to be diffuse. One translation of the "Peace," which was published just forty years ago by H. Mordaunt, is not a little remarkable. This author seems to have been shocked at the coarseness of the original, and fearful that Athenian wrongs and abuses might fall flat on a British audience, so he hits upon the ingenious expedient of imitating rather than translating, on the principle of "Imitations from Horace" and similar *jeux d'esprit* with which the last generation was familiar. We think that Mr. Rogers deals very honestly with the Rabelaisian part of his original, and not too broadly; but it is plain that to represent Trygæus feeding his dung-beetle with its appropriate diet, and constantly dreading that some nasty attraction might tempt his beetle down from its aerial flight, can never be rendered sufficiently colourless for the drawing-room. Mr. Mordaunt changes the whole plot of the play. It opens with two apprentices of Mr. Bubble, a speculator, filling a hydrogen-gas balloon, with which their master intends to mount to the moon in search of silver-mines, of which he has issued a prospectus, and of which the shares are already at a premium. He finds, on reaching the moon, that the mines are exhausted, but he learns that Peace's niece, Cheapliving, is there, though overloaded and crushed with taxes by war. Opora and Theoria appear as Harvest-home and O. P. (initials familiar to the readers of *Rejected Addresses*). Bubble marries Harvest-home, and sets up for himself on an experimental farm.

This is how the first scene is travestied:—

*Αἶψ' αἶψ' μαζαν ὡς τάχιστα καθάρω, κ.τ.λ.*

"A. More vitriol and filings, boy! be quick.

B. Here have we plenty.

A. Give this great balloon

Enough of hydrogen.

Aye, that I will.

A. Yet ply it faster.

B. Now is all received.

It mounts aloft, and the air inflammable

Circles within and swells the silken globe.

A. Yet slow's the process; oh! that it were full.

Ye men in Westminster, who ply your trade

By the Horseferry-road, and who retail

Gas, portable, by quarts and pennyworths,

Contribute a supply; else shall I burst

With expectation. Here, bear a hand;

Pail after pail, till every sinew ache

With handling it."

This joke becomes deadly-lively from its elaboration. We may quote two more lines of a subsequent passage, in which the balloon has rather an amusing connection with the habits of the *καθάρω*. Trygæus says:—

*καὶ μὴ πνέι μοι κακὸν, ἀντιβολῶ σε,*

which Mr. Mordaunt renders—

"Oh my balloon, may thy valve remain sure and fast;  
Oh may I not sniff thy gas from first to last!"

As a different specimen of Mr. Rogers's manner, we give the lyrical welcome with which the advent of "Peace" is hailed (l. 570):—

"Think of all the thousand pleasures,  
Comrades, which to Peace we owe:

\* The Peace of Aristophanes. The Greek Text Revised, with a Translation into corresponding metres, and original notes. By Benjamin Bickley Rogers, M.A. London: Bell & Daldy.



All the life of ease and comfort  
Which she gave us long ago—  
Figs and olives, vines and myrtles,  
Luscious fruits preserved and dried;  
Banks of fragrant violets blowing  
By the crystal fountain's side.  
Scenes for which our hearts are yearning,  
Joys which we have missed so long—  
Comrades, here is Peace returning,  
Greet her back with dance and song.

\* \* \* \* \*  
We, who ply the farmer's trade,  
Used, through thy benignant aid,  
All the joys of life to hold.  
Ah, the unbought pleasures free,  
Which we erst received of thee,  
In the merry days of old,

When thou wast our one salvation, and our roasted  
barley grain.

Now will all the tiny shoots,  
Sunny vine and figtree sweet,  
All the happy flowers and fruits,  
Laugh for joy thy steps to greet."

The line about the "roasted barley grain" sounds strange to English ears, but Mr. Rogers illustrates it in his note from a similar passage in the *Knights*. And here we may say generally that Mr. Rogers's notes to the text, without pretending to supersede other commentaries, or to deal with many questions of scholarship, are marked with a pleasant freshness, and contain much interesting information, and not a little old Athenian gossip, culled from *Athenæus* and elsewhere, about *Copaic* eels, and the game of *Cottabus*, thrushes and quails, and other subjects connected with Greek life. The critical appendix at the end of the book is most interesting, as giving a brief sketch of the history of the text and interpretation of *Aristophanes* from the first printed edition of *Aldus* 1498 A.D. down to the present day. The *Apparatus Criticus*, which follows, gives the whole of the variations of the *Ravenna* and *Venetian MSS.*, and those of the *Parisian MS.*, recorded by *Brunck*, with a selection of other important readings. We are glad to see that Mr. Rogers protests against the arbitrary alteration of the text in accordance with the rigid classical canons laid down by *Dawes* and scholars of that school. He says very wisely in his critical note on *μεταθίξαι* (l. 261), "Rules purely empirical as this, however useful as showing the general leaning of the comic writers . . . become positively mischievous when they are elevated into inflexible laws, every offence of which is to be visited by immediate correction." This sound remark will commend itself to scholars. For an examination of the question, whether there existed a second play of *Aristophanes* called "Peace," which seems to have been a dream of *Crates*, we must refer the reader to Mr. Rogers's preface.

As to the metres used in the translation, beside the familiar anapestic, trochaic, and iambic measures, and the heroic hexameter, Mr. Rogers uses an effective representative of the long *Aristophanic* verse, which thus appears in the praise of the poet given by the chorus in the *Parabasis* :—

"High thoughts and high language he brought on the stage, a  
genius exalted and rare;  
Nor stooped with a scurrilous jest to assail some small-man-  
and-woman affair.  
No, he at the mightiest quarry of all, with the soul of a  
Hercules, flew,  
And he braved the vile scent of the tan-pit, and went through  
foul-mouthed revilings for you."

Of our translator's attempt to reproduce one complicated chorus in exactly corresponding metres, we can only say that he acknowledges that he does not care for the result himself—nor do we.

The iambic tetrameter catalectic metre, of which we have an example, in the passage (l. 305) beginning :—

ὕμῳ τὸ λοιπὸν ἔργον ἦδη νταῦθα τῶν μενόντων—

is reviled by Mr. Frere, when it appears in an English dress, with such acrimony that he declares no respectable English song can be found in so grovelling a measure; though the late Sir G. O. Lewis, as our translator reminds us, points out that the harmless tale of "Unfortunate Miss Baily" is a perfect example of it. It will only be fair then to let our readers hear how Mr. Rogers manages these vulgar numbers :—

"Now, then, 'tis right, my jolly rogues, that you should here  
remaining,  
Munch, crunch, and bite with all your might, no empty vessels  
draining;

With manly zeal attack the meal,  
And saw and gnaw with either jaw, there's no advantage  
really,  
In having white and polished teeth, unless you use them  
freely.

Chor. O aye! we know; we won't be slow, but thanks for  
thus reminding.

Tryg. Set to, set to, you starving crew; you won't be always  
finding

Such dishes rare of cake and hare,  
An easy prey in open day thus wandering unprotected.  
Set to, set to, or soon you'll rue a splendid chance  
neglected."

Surely these lines catch very fairly the rollicky tone of the Greek. Here we take our leave, anticipating with much pleasure the promises given in the preface to this play, that we may shortly look for a version of the *Thesmophoriazuse* from the same pen.

#### LYELL'S PRINCIPLES OF GEOLOGY.\*

THE tenth edition of Sir Charles Lyell's admirable "Principles of Geology," unlike the three preceding ones, will consist of two volumes—and one of these, containing six hundred and seventy pages, has just appeared.

The present volume is divided into two books, the first of which, after reviewing the progress of geology from the earliest known period to the present day, and the prejudices which have retarded that progress, proceeds to establish the identity of the ancient and present system of terrestrial changes by an examination of the suppositions adverse to that view, the vicissitudes of climate, and the bearing of geographical and astronomical phenomena on such vicissitudes.

The second book is devoted to an enumeration and description of the changes now in progress in the inorganic world. In the first place, aqueous causes, such as ice, springs, rivers, tides and currents, and the destructive and reproductive effects of each of these;—in the second, the various igneous causes are detailed, and an elaborate description given of the phenomena connected with the volcanic district of Naples—the latter occupying (as in preceding editions) two whole chapters.

Sir Charles Lyell's "Principles of Geology" are so well known and so generally appreciated that a notice of the principal modifications and additions introduced in the present edition, may be more welcome to those interested in the subject, than a more general review of a work so widely known and so deservedly popular. But before noticing these additions and modifications, it may be remarked that even those not greatly interested in the science of geology itself, and therefore perhaps not yet acquainted with the earlier editions of the work, will find much to repay them in the excellent history of the progress of the science, which occupies the second, third, and fourth chapters. In addition to the pleasure derived from the clear and lucid style of the author, the care he exhibits to render evenhanded justice to his fellow-labourers of preceding generations is noteworthy, and harmonizes well with his ever-ready acknowledgments of the claims of his scientific contemporaries. He allows no national or other prejudices to blind him to the superior claims, in former times, of the writers of Southern Europe. At page 50 he observes :—

"I return with pleasure to the geologists of Italy, who preceded the naturalists of other countries in their investigations into the ancient history of the earth. They reported and ridiculed the physico-theological systems of *Burnet*, *Whiston*, and *Woodward*; while *Vallisneri*, in his comments on the *Woodwardian* theory, remarked how much the interests of religion, as well as those of sound philosophy, had suffered by perpetually mixing up the sacred writings with questions of physical science."

The author again quotes the singularly beautiful and interesting passage from a MS. of the thirteenth century (by *Mohammed Kazwini*), in the Royal Library of Paris :—

"I passed one day by a very ancient and wonderfully populous city, and asked one of its inhabitants how long it had been founded. 'It is indeed a mighty city,' replied he; 'we know not how long it has existed, and our ancestors were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves.' Five centuries afterwards, as I passed by the same place, I could not perceive the slightest vestige of the city. I demanded of a peasant, who was gathering herbs upon its former site, how long it had been destroyed. 'In sooth a strange question!' replied he. 'The ground here has never been different from what you now behold it.' 'Was there not of old,' said I, 'a splendid city here?' 'Never,' answered he, 'so far as we have seen, and never did our fathers speak to us of any such.' On my return there 500 years afterwards I found the sea in the same place, and on its shores were a party of fishermen, of whom I inquired how long the land had been covered by the waters. 'Is this a question,' said they, 'for a man like you? This spot has always been what it is now.' I again returned 500 years afterwards and the sea had disappeared; I inquired of a man, who stood alone upon the spot, how long ago this change had taken place, and he gave me the same answer as I had received before. Lastly, on coming back again, after an equal lapse of time, I found there a flourishing city, more populous and more rich in beautiful buildings than the city I had seen the first time, and when I would fain have informed myself concerning its origin, the inhabitants answered me, 'Its rise is lost in remote antiquity; we are ignorant how long it has existed, and our fathers were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves.'"

So early had such speculations arisen in the Arabian mind.

Sir Charles Lyell has entirely rewritten the ninth chapter, which treats of the theory of the progressive development of organic life at successive geological periods. As to his conclusions in this respect, at page 165 he says :—

"We have been fairly led by palaeontological researches to the conclusion that the invertebrate animals flourished before the vertebrate, and that in the latter class fish, reptiles, birds, and mammalia made their appearance in a chronological order analogous to that in which

\* Principles of Geology; or, the Modern Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants. By Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., M.A., F.R.S. Tenth Edition. Vol. I. London: Murray.



they would be arranged zoologically according to an advancing scale of perfection in their organization."

Although the author fully recognises the danger, in most cases, of laying much stress on mere negative evidence, yet he justly regards the marked absence of the remains of whales and porpoises (cetacea) in the secondary rocks as a fact of great significance. He remarks:—

"The dimensions of the cetacea in general are such that they could hardly have failed to obtrude themselves on the notice of collectors had they been entombed in the mud and sand of triassic, liassic, or other secondary formations, where the skeletons of huge reptiles are so conspicuous. The ichthyosaurs and other carnivorous saurians seem formerly to have played the part now assigned to the cetacea in the economy of nature; and if we assume this to have been the case, it seems probable that the placental mammalia, if they existed at all before the tertiary period, were at least extremely scarce."

Although, as is well known, Sir Charles Lyell supports that view which assigns to man an existence on this planet much more prolonged than that generally received; yet he shows no sympathy with those who are prepared to find evidence of his existence at periods which are, *geologically speaking*, remote. After remarking that "the fossil remains of man have not yet been detected in deposits older than the post-tertiary," he remarks that, nevertheless,—

"No inhabitant of the land exposes himself to so many dangers on the waters as man, whether in a savage or a civilized state; and there is no animal, therefore, whose skeleton is so liable to become imbedded in lacustrine or submarine deposits. Nor can it be said that his remains are more perishable than those of other animals. . . . But even if the more solid parts of our species had disappeared, the impression of their form might have remained engraven on the rocks, as have the traces of the tenderest leaves of plants, and the soft integuments of many animals. Works of art, moreover, composed of the most indestructible materials, would have outlasted almost all the organic contents of sedimentary rocks. Edifices, and even entire cities, have, within the times of history, been buried under volcanic ejections, submerged beneath the sea, or engulfed by earthquakes; and had these catastrophes been repeated throughout an indefinite lapse of ages, the high antiquity of man would have been inscribed in far more legible characters on the framework of the globe than are the forms of the ancient vegetation which once covered the islands of the Northern Ocean, or of those gigantic reptiles which at still later periods peopled the seas and rivers of the Northern Hemisphere."

The question as to the origin of man, and of the various forms of animal life, is not discussed in the present volume; but the author fully recognises the vast revolution effected by his appearance upon the scene. "It may be questioned," he says, "whether the passage from an irrational to a rational animal, is not a phenomenon of a distinct kind from the passage from the more simple to the more perfect forms of animal organization and instinct;" and, again, when speaking of the uniformity of nature, he adds, "It is not, however, meant by the foregoing observations to convey the idea, that a real departure from the antecedent course of physical events cannot be traced in the introduction of man."

The chapters on vicissitudes of climate contain a great quantity of new and most interesting matter. The author maintains (as in former editions), the great effect which would be produced on the climate of the globe by a changed distribution of its land and water, polar land producing cold, and polar seas, accompanied by equatorial lands, great heat. He is also evidently inclined still to disbelieve that astronomical causes have played the important part which has been sometimes attributed to them in producing changes of climate, or that they have produced any great effects unless accompanied with peculiar geographical conditions. As regards the date of the glacial epoch, he is disposed to think it probable that it was about eight hundred thousand years before the commencement of the present century.

In treating of glaciers, the author brings forward the theory of Tyndal and Faraday in explanation of their motion. The theory based upon that property of ice by which fragments of it can be made to adhere by pressure into a cake, and which has been called "regelation."

The account of the formation of the delta of the Mississippi contains, as before, an estimate of the probable time required for its formation, and the period of 67,000 years assigned in 1846 is still regarded as not extravagant.

We shall look forward with great interest to the appearance of the second volume, in which some of the most interesting and important speculations now rife will be passed in review; but before concluding the present notice, we cannot do otherwise than express our continued admiration of the way in which this veteran geologist continually maintains himself abreast with the rapidly advancing stream of modern physical science.

He shows none of that tendency to cling with fixed tenacity to views once advocated, none of that inability to adopt novel "standpoints" too often characterizing those who have passed beyond the period of middle age. On the contrary, Sir Charles Lyell exhibits a truly admirable flexibility, and an earnest desire to take into consideration all the most recently acquired facts, as also a readiness to examine with patient and conscientious labour the most recent hypotheses to which such facts may have given rise. Such minds are but too rare, and in the interest of all it is earnestly to be hoped that we may long continue to profit by the fruitful investigations of the eminent author of the "Principles of Geology."

#### CUST'S WARRIORS OF THE CIVIL WARS.\*

Of all the forms of genius, military greatness is that of which it is most difficult for the world at large to form a just conception. A great philosopher, a great poet, even a great man of science, will meet with a fair appreciation from the many, when once their claims have been recognised by the few whose authority is decisive. But in the case of a great soldier, we are at the outset perplexed by an obvious deficiency in the materials for forming a judgment; we have absolutely no general criterion except the delusive one of success, which, it is highly probable, will fail us exactly where we most need its aid. This unsatisfactory state of things has its origin partly in the want, some would say the impossibility, of a military science, to the principles of which the conduct of any commander may be referred, but partly also to the scarcity of histories and biographies written by men qualified to give an opinion on the operations of war. The knowledge which we have of history is mainly, and indeed of necessity, derived from civil sources. Macaulay, Froude, Carlyle, Stanhope, all look at the careers of great men through the distorting mist of political prepossessions. What we want is a series of biographies of eminent commanders, copiously illustrative of their triumphs and failures, and showing by comparison and accumulation of facts the leading points of the theories on which they acted. On the Continent works of this kind are less rare than here, and hence we may perceive among Frenchmen and Germans more accurate judgments in military affairs and of military reputations current than are ever to be met with in England.

We do not think these volumes of Sir Edward Cust's, interesting and even valuable to some extent as they are, will do much to supply the deficiency of which we complain. Their information on the points which are specially important to the student of military history is extremely meagre, and they are overburdened with details not relating to war, which have been better told in common histories, and which we would gladly dispense with in return for more copious accounts of battles and sieges, and more discriminating examinations of the strategic genius of the great commanders whose lives are presented to us. The scope of the work before us includes several civil wars. That of the Fronde and the disturbances which, after deceptive truces, sprang from it; the brief resistance of the Huguenots to the power of Richelieu, and the struggles in England and Scotland which arose from the disunion of King and Parliament. In the first part we find lives of two of the greatest French generals of any period—Turenne and Condé—coupled with those of two very despicable English commanders, King Charles I. and the Earl of Essex, Lieutenant-General for the Houses. The second part treats of the careers of Prince Rupert, Lord Fairfax, the Marquis of Montrose, and Oliver Cromwell. An appendix gives an outline of the subjugation of the Huguenots at Rochelle, followed by sketches of some minor chiefs of the great Parliamentary combat: the Earl of Lindsey, the Earl of Leven, Sir David Lesley, and Sir William Waller. Several others remain—Monk, for example—of whom we suppose Sir E. Cust will treat in an additional volume.

Of Rupert and Fairfax—men as contrasted in their military characters as in their political views—Sir E. Cust gives us a very tolerable account, but from the lives of neither one nor the other would the student of the art of war be likely to learn much. The same may be said of King Charles and Essex—two very commonplace generals of different types. The shorter lives in the appendix are valueless, both intrinsically, and from the brevity with which they are given. An exception may be made of that of Lesley, who was really a strategist of superior ability. Sir Edward Cust does him no manner of justice, despatches his life in a few pages, and passes a very disparaging sentence on his military talent.

There remain four biographies in these volumes which may be considered of real merit—those, namely, of Turenne, Condé, Montrose, and Cromwell. Had they been ampler they might be looked on as a worthy addition to our military history; as it is, they may be useful to those who wish merely to acquire an elementary knowledge of the grand operations of which they treat, but they will not satisfy those who seek for a scientific development of some of the most important campaigns that have ever been fought out. Of the four it cannot be a matter of much doubt—though, probably, Sir E. Cust himself would refuse us his assent to this proposition—that Turenne was the greatest. Next to him—equal at the least in natural genius, inferior only in experience and opportunity—we would place Cromwell. Condé and Montrose were men of a lower order; dashing boldness was the rudimentary principle of their success. They lacked "the seeing eye," as Carlyle has termed it, the coolness of thought in the midst of excitement, which has distinguished every great commander. What Condé or Montrose did, as it were, by an inspired accident, Turenne and Cromwell thought out and acted with scientific grasp of mind. It is true, Sir E. Cust denies to Turenne any high merit of this kind, yet we may cite in favour of the great Frenchman the expressed admiration of Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and even Wellington. Condé's reputation lives rather in the popular fame of France than in the judgment of competent critics. Montrose has not been much celebrated for military skill, and has been too much looked on as a mere guerilla chief. We agree with Sir Edward Cust that he merits a high place as a commander, though not, we think, in the first rank. With small means he achieved great successes, with

\* Lives of the Warriors of the Civil Wars of France and England. Warriors of the Seventeenth Century (1611-1675). By General (now Hon. Sir Edward Cust, D.O.L., Author of "Annals of the Wars." London: Murray.



unexampled rapidity and the least possible loss. This is, perhaps, the highest encomium that could be pronounced on any general.

Sir Edward Cust's style is clear and pure enough, but it is sadly deficient in picturesqueness and terseness. In the battle scenes we miss the first quality; in the summing up of the characters, the latter. We subjoin, as a fair sample, part of the character of Turenne as given by our author:—

"The viscount was no inventor in the art of war—neither in the dress, arming, or tactics of soldiers, nor in the higher branches of strategy. He adopted the plan of Gustavus Adolphus of massing musketeers and pikemen, and thus has come to be considered as one amongst many of the inventors of the bayonet; but there is no reason whatever for giving Turenne the credit of that. In his four last years of war he doubtless exhibited a higher estimate of the plan of a campaign; but he only adopted, and can scarcely be said to have in the least improved upon, the strategy of the German and Swedish leaders of armies in the Thirty Years' War. Even as late in his career as the first years of the war in Holland, in 1672, he followed the vicious practice of besieging towns, instead of manœuvring in the field. But, as I have remarked, 'a change came over the spirit of his dream' about this period, and a year or two in face of Montecuculi brought this practice to perfection. However, in the sort of military game of chess which closed his career, although he may be said to have 'checked the king' upon the plain of Schertzen, yet he had not in any degree secured the game, although he seems to have thought he had; and there is good reason to believe that at that moment his adversary had deeper resources for the game than the Maréchal-Général possessed. Nevertheless Condé could never have maintained the game as did Turenne; and from this day a love for strategy has been engendered in the mind of the French officers, which may even be found in every grade of their service. In fine, we have in our hero a truly valuable character of a soldier, and there is no military man in any army of Europe who will hesitate to concede to him the title of the Great Turenne."

We should have wished, if space allowed, to quote the very interesting description of the complex "game of chess," played out in 1674 and the following year, between Turenne and Montecuculi, in which the former at the moment of triumph lost his life. It is, however, far too long. These volumes, we are bound to add, are very creditably printed, which makes us regret the more that they seem to have received a very imperfect revision. A table of errata, that most abominable of all bores, is prefixed, a wretched makeshift to correct the disgraceful errors that constantly occur in the most important names of persons and places. For example, we read throughout the book Prince Rupert von Pfalz: it does not appear that the necessity of the definite article became apparent to the author until the printing had been concluded.

We have been unable to award the body of Sir Edward Cust's work a large meed of praise; for the preface we must reserve unqualified censure. It is, of course, rash to dispute, from an unprofessional point of view, the conclusions of an old soldier, but we are backed in our dissent from Sir E. Cust's views by so overwhelming a preponderance of authority that we have no hesitation in expressing our dissatisfaction with this strange and crotchety preface. In fact, what we conceive to be Sir E. Cust's heresy, strikes at the very root of all military studies, and robs this book of his and all similar works of their *raison d'être*. It is nothing less than a denial to strategy of any practical utility: the assertion even that it can never attain a scientific basis, and that a knowledge of its principles is more likely to mislead than to aid a general. Why then, we ask, has Sir E. Cust written this book? Is it not, as he himself intimates, that we may draw lessons from the errors and successes of past generations of warriors? Surely, then, if experience be in war as in all else the best of teachers, it cannot be impossible to concentrate its lessons, to generalize certain inevitable rules of guidance. Sir E. Cust would have us believe that it is positively an advantage for a commander to be ignorant of strategical precepts: "I do not believe," he says, "that any great strategist has ever been a successful leader of armies;" and in support of this assertion he denies any strategical knowledge to every great general whom he can think of. Now, in our opinion, all this is fatally wrong. We do not mean to defend the art of war as at present formulated; we merely assert that an art of war is possible, nay, more, that in actual operations its principles, tacitly acknowledged, are perfectly known and acted upon by all great generals from Lee to Von Moltke. The late war in Bohemia was eminently a scientific struggle, and it is quite certain that with the mechanical perfection of our weapons will progress the precision of our military operations. Sir E. Cust belongs to a school—we say this without the least disrespect to a gallant officer—which is happily fast disappearing—the school which has caused Continental writers and soldiers to look with some contempt on English generals—the school to which our series of *fiascos* in the Crimea was mainly due. It is natural, therefore, that he should preserve in some degree the prejudices of his class, which, always deficient in education, never in bravery, has constantly held that generalship consists in sudden strokes of intuitive genius, and that a nation must stake its destiny on the improbable chance of having a Turenne or a Napoleon at its head in a critical hour. As may be conjectured, Sir E. Cust is one who believes in the superiority of the British officer and the British army to the officers and men of any other country on the face of the earth. He is accordingly very wroth with a Quarterly Reviewer, who has lately written sensibly enough on the art of war, for giving his adhesion to the taunt that before Sebastopol our troops were "lions led by asses." We can only say that, while it would be invidious to mention names, public opinion fully endorses the

sarcasm. It is too much to hope, even within three months of the Paris Exhibition, that the international millennium is at hand. England therefore cannot abandon the sword for a while; she will be wise if, when she is compelled to wield it once more, she profits by her own past errors and by the triumph of her neighbours. A healthier military life, a more highly educated and scientific body of officers, a soldiery trained to higher views and less brutal than at present—these, since Sadowa, have become necessary conditions of success in war.

#### LYRA ELEGANTIARUM.\*

WE have to thank Mr. Locker for one of the most charming collections of verse we have ever seen. Himself a writer of no mean degree amongst the order of poets, from whose works he has culled so many delightful extracts, he brings to his task that special information and spirit which he must have acquired in the culture of his own talent. Nor is this so easy a task as people imagine. An editor of extracts is liable to errors from the apparent simplicity of his work, which he is almost certain to fall into, unless he approach it with a proper design and method, and a conscientious adherence to uniformity of principle. Mr. Locker contributes a valuable preface, in which he maps out the ground he is about to traverse, and the plan upon which he intends to go.

The following definition of *vers de société* is as nearly perfect as a definition can be:—

"The chief merit of *vers de société* is that it should seem to be entirely spontaneous: when the reader says to himself, 'I could have written that and easily too,' he pays the poet the highest possible compliment. At the same time, it is right to observe that this absence of effort, as recognised in most works of real merit, is only apparent; the writing of *vers de société* is a difficult accomplishment, and no one has fully succeeded in it without possessing a certain gift of irony, which is not only a much rarer quality than humour, or even wit, but is altogether less commonly met than is sometimes imagined."

We must take exception to Mr. Locker's notion of irony. We believe it to be one of the oldest, most crude, and most obvious forms of satire. We find it where there is no trace of humour, as in the Old Testament, where the prophet gibes at the priests of Baal, and chaffs them ironically on the delay of their god's manifestation. Lucian is not so much witty as ironical; in fact, he is altogether ironical and not witty. It has been well remarked of wit, that by the sudden and unexpected collision of two apparently remote ideas a third is developed, but irony is a simple shifting of the same thing into different quarters. Irony never enriches us with a new quality as it were, which was lying unsuspected in an ordinary object, just as the sparks are concealed in a piece of flint, and therefore we cannot regard it as a superior attribute. You can find plenty of irony on a cab-stand, but very little wit or humour. The Sacristan—

—"Who says no word  
To intimate a doubt,  
But puts his thumb up to his nose  
And spreads his fingers out."

is ironical but not witty. We cannot, indeed, comprehend upon what basis Mr. Locker rests his opinion, and he should have settled that before assuming what is not at all clear or axiomatic. However, this is a minor fault, and Mr. Locker more than compensates for a venial sin in criticism by his refined taste in selection, and by the rare gems which he has brought from so many quarters into these pretty cream-coloured pages. Our readers will find here relics of the old Chloe and Phyllis days, when love was modish and coffee-house bloods wrote themselves down as piping shepherds disconsolate for the cruelty of a painted and an easy-lived shepherdess who never went to the country when she could help it. Those songs are informed with the domestic life and domestic history of England. In them we see how our progenitors sighed and wafted kisses, and were constantly at the point of death from their mistresses' cruelty, and suffering impossible racks and tortures from the "Nymph" who had caused their particular complaint. In this artificial tenderness there was considerable point and beauty. An unnatural compliment was kept hovering gracefully in the air much as a juggler keeps his paper butterfly on the wing by the waving of an ornamental fan. Of course sincere passion cannot be uttered distinctly with a mouth full of conceits, but the conceits were splendid and derived from a noble and chivalrous origin. There was also a quaint half-bantering half-affectionate kind of casuistry in which poets indulged about the Elizabethan period. We find it in Shakespeare's sonnets, and here in Sir Robert Ayton's "Woman's Inconstancy":—

"I loved thee once, I'll love no more,  
Thine be the grief as is the blame;  
Thou art not what thou wast before,  
What reason I should be the same?  
He that can love unloved again,  
Hath better store of love than brain:  
God send me love my debts to pay,  
While unthrifts fool their love away!"

There is a subtle, delicate tenderness like a perfume underlying this seeming scorn, and we are half inclined to think that the writer was not quite out of the wood when he ventured on declaring his

\* *Lyra Elegantiarum*. Edited by Frederick Locker. London: Edward Moxon & Co.



freedom. It is not at all improbable that we could discover the source of this elegant quibbling in the theological works and controversies of the Middle Ages, which are full of those recurring phrases and easily upset points, the learned father or the ingenious rhymster, being both prone to raising little mental or romantic difficulties, and then knocking them down with a piece of logic inclosed in a Latin sentence or an English couplet. The difference between the old writer of *vers de société*, and his modern successor is essentially this: the former wanted to say as many pretty things as possible, but made as little pretence of believing them himself as was consistent with a burlesque asseveration of his sincerity, the latter is wounded but hides the scar with a smile, and presents his bouquet in a careless, forward manner, with just sufficient of truth in his expressions as will disclose his sentiment to the instinct of a woman.

Mr. Locker's volume gives a sample of almost every change that can be rung upon the marriage bells. The bachelor also, confirmed in his bachelorhood, can here find a poetical excuse for his condition; the maid, willing to be won but as yet unwooed, can see her state exemplified in the choicest stanzas; the husband tired of his wife, or whose lottery-ticket has been for a matrimonial grinding-stone, can discover a record of experiences, plaintively setting forth a similar misfortune; and the gentleman whose choice has been happier, can compare his felicity with that of Samuel Bishop, of Edward Moore, and of an "unknown," whose verses on the "Marriage Act" may be read at page 84 of the "Lyra Elegantiarum." We might observe, that it is only an Englishman who would think of composing a song or an ode in honour of his wife. We could not realize or conceive a Frenchman writing "John Anderson my Jo," or this:—

"A knife, dear girl, cuts love, they say—  
Mere modish love perhaps it may;  
For any tool of any kind  
Can separate what was never joined.  
The knife that cuts our love in two  
Will have much tougher work to do:  
Must cut your softness, worth, and spirit  
Down to the vulgar size of merit;  
To level yours with common taste,  
Must cut a world of sense to waste;  
And from your single beauty's store,  
Clip what would dizen out a score.  
The self-same blade from me must sever  
Sensation, judgment, sight—for ever!  
All memory of endearments past,  
All hope of comforts long to last,  
All that makes fourteen years with you  
A summer—and a short one too:  
All that affection feels and fears,  
When hours, without you, seem like years.  
'Till that be done—and I'd as soon  
Believe this knife would clip the moon,—  
Accept my present undeterred,  
And leave their proverbs to the herd.  
If in a kiss—delicious treat!  
Your lips acknowledge the receipt;  
Love, fond of such substantial fare,  
And proud to play the glutton there,  
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,  
Save only—'cut and come again.'"

Mr. Locker includes epigrams and distinctly humorous poetry under the head of *vers de société*. We will not quarrel with him for the latitude he gives himself, as it results in so rare a string of literary pearls. Walter S. Landor, whose poems are not half enough read, whose classic purity and coolness contrast so strangely with the over-heat and garish colour of more recent versifiers, is here amply represented. In Landor we can perceive the very most that scholarship can effect for poetry. He refined until he gave you the very essence of his idea; but there was an absence of blood and warmth in the composition: his Venus was a tinted statue, not the immortal goddess herself. How very perfect though this is—

"To IANTHE.

"From you, Ianthie, little troubles pass  
Like little ripples down a sunny river;  
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,  
Cut down, and up again as blythe as ever."

It is scarcely fair to plunder Mr. Locker's work, and yet we are tempted to do so at every page. The student of English literature will perceive, in going through the book, the wonderful and vivid suggestiveness of those poems, the very metres recalling periods and fashions in letters which have as completely disappeared as the cocked hats, the clouded canes, Ranelagh or Vauxhall gardens, periwigs, and strange oaths. The annuals which some of us may remember, in which the gushing T. H. Bayly, Miss Seward, and the Della Cruscan set, composed agreeable nonsense, are laid under contribution by Mr. Locker. His industry is only equalled by his discretion. If we appear so earnest in recommending this book, it is because we have experienced the want of something of the kind, and have deplored the ignorant and inefficient attempts which have been made from time to time to supply it. A tasteless collection of verses resembles a badly-cooked dish, in which the meats and the sauces are inferior and incongruous. Mr. Locker has prepared a feast, and in so dainty and so careful a manner that not a single bottle of the wine has been corked or unduly shaken. There are prettier pictures in the "Lyra Elegantiarum" than in any Christmas book, so replete are the pages with the tones, and

voices, and groups of a bygone time, although there is not a single illustration in it. Nor will the reader be at a loss to find his own special favourite: an excellent index—an index of writers' names and of the first lines of the verses—concludes a volume, which, from the first page to the last, or, rather, as we should say, from cover to cover—emphatically including the cover—fully justifies its claim to elegance and completeness.

#### THEOLOGICAL WORKS.\*

If the real merit of a book consisted in its outward adornment, in the rich crimson boards inlaid with gold that enshrine its pages, we should say that Lady Herbert's work bears triumphantly the palm. But, to adapt the quaint old adage, since it embraces a general principle to the higher sphere of the intellectual, we should say that "the proof of the book is in the reading." Lady Herbert of Lea presents us with a translation from the French of the lives of "St. Monica, of Victorine de Galard Terraube, and of the venerable Mère Devos," "each and all," she says in her preface, "remarkable for the important lessons they give to the times in which we live." "With regard to the first," she continues, "it is so admirable both in feeling and expression that I advise any one acquainted with the French language not to read it in my translation, but to enjoy it, without a moment's delay, in the original." We can fully second this recommendation, although the "Life of St. Monica" is that which Lady Herbert has translated with by far the greatest success. It was natural that she should do so. There is as much difference between the "Life of St. Monica" and those of the two nineteenth-century saints which make up the rest of the volume as between a beautiful and unadorned statue of pure Grecian art and those often unseemly figures of virgins and saints which one sees decked out in the extreme of fashion over the altars of Continental churches. Not that we would cast the shadow of a stain upon their lives, pure and self-denying as they appear to have been, but they betray at every page the errors and vagaries of modern Romanism. There is a sublime and solitary grandeur about the life of St. Monica which, in whatever form that life may be told, holds the spirit spell-bound. It is a thing of beauty, and therefore a joy for ever. "It is the history of the most beautiful and the purest love that has ever existed; the tenderest and at the same time the strongest, passing through twenty-five years of trial and fear, without faltering for an instant in its course; becoming only the more ardent as difficulties increase, and finally ending in a flood of triumph and of ecstasy, of glory and of joy." Some details of the life of St. Augustine must of course enter into the biography of his mother; up to the moment of her death the two lives may be said to run parallel,—the one necessarily completes the other. St. Monica was born of Christian parents, and married early in life, a heathen, named Patricius, who was eventually won over to the Christian faith by the prayers and virtuous example of his wife. She lost her husband at the age of thirty-nine, and from that moment her whole life had but one object, the reclaiming from error and vice her wayward son. The desire of her heart was granted to her; and it is doubtless to a mother's prayers and tears that the world owes the unexampled piety and the matchless genius of the great Augustine. The other two biographies, translated by Lady Herbert, fail to awaken a like interest, and, from a literary point of view, their merit is but small. Even in the life of St. Monica the translator is not equal to her task, although her style borrows a grandeur from the life itself, which all must feel and appreciate. The same cannot be said of the biographies of Victorine de Galard Terraube and the Mère Devos, which abound in saintly apparitions, novenas, devotions to "the Holy Mother of God," veneration of relics, and pilgrimages. Of one of these saints, it is recorded that "she had the profoundest veneration for holy water, which she took on every occasion, especially if she feared having committed some slight infraction of the rule." Lady Herbert's translation is so faithful a copy of the original, that it is possible almost to reproduce it word for word and line for line. The real merit of a translation consists not in the bare reproduction of the author's ideas in language as nearly as possible akin to his own, but in recasting, as it were, the original work in the mould of another language. To fall short of this is simply to transcribe, in other words, the thoughts of an author, not to translate them, in the true meaning of the word, into another tongue. Lady Herbert no doubt entered upon her task with the best of intentions; but in the result produced she does but verify the old saying, that translation is a far more difficult exercise than composition.

"The Passion Week," by Dr. Hanna, is one of a series of h works, developing some of the most prominent and important events in the life of our Lord. The Gospel history is not treated as a continuous narrative, but certain prominent facts are singled out, and strung indiscriminately like pearls upon a thread of gold. The volume before us is devoted to the history of our Lord's passion, the events of each day are fully commented upon, and given in the most accurate detail. Dr. Hanna's style is eminently and charmingly descriptive. There is a freshness and

\* Three Phases of Christian Love. By Lady Herbert of Lea. London: Bentley.  
The Passion Week. By Wm. Hanna, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.  
Simple Truth Spoken to Working People. By Norman Macleod, D.D. London: Strahan.  
A Christian View of Christian History. By J. H. Blunt, M.A. London: Rivingtons.



simplicity in his narrative, and a graphic power in his delineation of character, which awaken and sustain the interest of the reader. His description of our Lord's triumphant entry into Jerusalem is such, that we can follow the procession step by step as it moves down the sloping path of Olivet:—

"A ledge of rock is reached, looking from which, across the valley of the Kedron, the whole city lies spread out before the Saviour's eye. The sight arrests him; the procession stops. All around is light, and joy, and triumph. But a dark shadow falls upon the Saviour's countenance. His eyes fill with tears. He beholds the city and He weeps over it. Another Jerusalem than the one sitting there at ease, clothed in holiday attire, busied with her passover preparations, is before his eye—a Jerusalem beset, beleaguered, crouching in fear and terror, doomed to a terrible destruction. How little power has the present over the mind and heart of Jesus! What cares He for this adulation of the multitude, this parade of praise? Even had it all been genuine, all the outburst of an intelligent faith, it had not checked the current of thought and feeling within the Saviour's heart. But he knows how hollow it all is, how soon it will all die away."

There is something more, however, in Dr. Hanna's work than mere narrative. He adds greatly to the usefulness and interest of his book by the many striking lessons that he deduces from the facts. We recommend it as an edifying and complete amplification of one of the most momentous portions of our Lord's history.

Dr. Macleod presents us with a little work entitled "Simple Truth Spoken to Working People," consisting of a series of simple discourses bearing upon doctrinal and practical religion, having for their object to impress upon the working classes the fact that, "Godliness is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come." There are many things which may tend apparently to promote their earthly well-being, but religion alone can ultimately secure the salvation both of body and soul. Dr. Macleod has chosen such topics as are likely to interest and edify, such as "The Story of the Prodigal Son," "The Gadarene Demoniac," "Publicans and Sinners hearing Christ," "The Love of Jesus Christ for Sinners," &c. The name of the writer is a sufficient guarantee of the sterling worth and orthodoxy of the work. The author follows a method which we should be glad to see more universally adopted in the exposition of religious truth; that is, to strip it of all accidents and conventionalities, and the technical terms of theology, and then bring it face to face with our ordinary thoughts and habits. This makes a far deeper impression, and effects greater good than the more elaborate disquisitions of pure theology.

We are glad to see that Mr. Blunt is devoting himself to a simple exposition of the origin and progress of Christianity. His work, entitled "Household Theology," was a valuable exposition of the doctrines of the Prayer-book, and in the book now before us he gives us clearly and as simply as possible "a Christian view of Christian History." The first two chapters are devoted to the birth and infancy of Christianity. He then characterizes the struggle between Christianity and Paganism, explains the nature of the chief heresies of early times, and gives some details respecting the Church of the Middle Ages. In such a work as this we do not look for great literary merit. Mr. Blunt's style is simple, and the work is complete in itself, without supposing on the part of the reader any previous acquaintance with the subject. Numbers of persons are to be found whose ideas upon anything connected with the origin of Christianity are very obscure, and no simpler or more useful compendium of early Church history could be placed in their hands than that which Mr. Blunt has just given to the press.

#### GEMMA.\*

"GEMMA" is a story of love, and of the usual concomitants of that passion in Southern climes—jealousy and revenge. The book has not much to recommend it either in novelty or in treatment. Dianora Orsini, a magnificent young creature with superb hair and flashing eyes, is betrothed to Signor Gino Donati. Although this engagement is rather an agreement between the two families, which are both noble, than the result of a mutual passion: Dianora entertains for Gino a very sincere affection, whilst he resigns himself to his fate, which he considers unavoidable. Pending their union, Dianora is placed in the convent of Santa Teresa sulla Costa, at Siena, and here she forms the acquaintance of Gemma Venturi, a lovely girl, and only child of Domenico Venturi, bookseller. The description of the interior of the convent commences the story, and here we get an insight into the characters of these two young ladies through the medium of a trick that is played on a stout dancing-mistress, Signora Dossi. The account of this childish joke, which consists in smearing the signora's seat with some pitch, is an attempt at humour; but the author's aim is marred by his prolixity. The prime mover of this conspiracy, Dianora, is sentenced by the indignant holy mother of the convent to confinement to her room, with water and, lentils without oil, for her diet. A medical professor who is intimate with her family, hearing of this, communicates the fact to her uncle, the Marchese Bandinetti, and subsequently, at his own risk, fetches the lovely rebel from the convent. The vacation now occurring, the girls disperse to their various homes, and at hers Gemma meets Gino, who has had occasion to visit her father. Love instantly springs up between them, but Gemma meets his advances with embarrassment, being conscious that he is

Dianora's betrothed. Nevertheless they are constantly in each other's society, and of this fact the medical professor, who is the villain of the book, avails himself to advance his interests with Dianora, whom he loves. Having succeeded in inspiring her with terrible jealousy, he declares his passion; and she, with the cunning usually attributed by novelists to Italian women, feigns a willingness to receive him as a lover, provided he will assist her in her schemes of revenge. Meanwhile Gino offers himself as a husband to Gemma, and is accepted by her and her father, the latter being of course highly gratified at the prospect of so distinguished an alliance. Thirsting for vengeance on her faithless lover and Gemma, Dianora proceeds to the residence of a withered crone, living on the confines of the city in the Maremma, and without particularising her position, briefly solicits her assistance to blight the happiness of the young couple. The crone, who is named Fiordispina Balli, declares that she has potions which, properly administered, can contract the eyes, wither the skin, enfeeble the form, and convert beauty into repulsive ugliness. Of course this is just the thing for Dianora; and she and the professor and the hag concert together the murderous measure of poisoning poor Gemma by degrees with antimony. In the capacity of a medical attendant the professor administers the doses, and before long they begin to operate with disastrous effect. Luckily, however, for Gemma, the compunctious visitings of remorse determine Dianora, when her victim is all but a corpse, to put a stop to these proceedings. Two causes urge her to this: first, she believes Gino still loves her; and, secondly, she heartily detests the professor, whose only object in prosecuting her schemes was the better to assert his love with the menaces with which such a crime, when accomplished, could supply him. Full of remorse, Dianora hastens to the house of the worthy doctor Angelico Biagi, and implores him to visit Gemma. She does not specify her reasons for this request, but his suspicions being aroused he proceeds with her to the residence of the bookseller Venturi, and there examines the patient for himself in the presence of the professor. Certain disclosures lead to the inspection of the medicine by the doctor, and requesting the medical catiff's company home, he tells him *en route* that his design must be murder. The professor expostulates, but the doctor silences him by frigidly observing that only respect for the Sienese faculty prevents him from delivering him into the hands of justice. Nevertheless, he urges him to make the best of his way at once to India, adding, half aside, that the Hindoos must take care of themselves; and intimating compliance with a bow, the villain leaves him. The professor then visits Dianora, and after acquainting her with the discovery, implores her to fly with him. She repulses him with abhorrence, still believing Gino to be faithful. But the professor has abstracted a love-letter written to Gemma by her lover, and handing it to Dianora bids her believe no more. In a paroxysm of rage, hate, and jealousy, she wrests a bottle of prussic acid from the hands of the professor, with which we are given to understand she kills herself.

Whether the story be founded upon fact or not, we have a strong suspicion of having seen it, or something remarkably like it, presented to the public in a dramatic shape. The chief excellence of the narrative lies in its descriptions; but even of these some, too, are endangered and some marred by prolixity. We have the same thing repeated over and over again; and the author depicts, with an elaborate minuteness, that is not only tedious but useless. There is no effort to delineate character; where a whole chapter is devoted to an accurate description of a face, a house, a mob, or a landscape, the passions are suffered to remain undeveloped, only briefly discovering themselves when an event has to be brought about through their instrumentality. Moreover, the dialogues are interlarded with that macaronic species of composition, of which a writer of Mr. T. A. Trollope's calibre should have been above the employment. We are perfectly willing to accept each speaker as Italian, without his proclaiming his nationality by the frequent use of native anathemas, interjections, and colloquial barbarisms. When, however, the author himself speaks, it is but just to confess that his language is vigorous, correct, and elegant. As a sample of his style and of his manner of delineating character by descriptive rather than by narrative representation—the latter being by far more difficult, as it implies greater dramatic sensibility and a keener insight into the motives of human action—the following may suffice. The author is describing the young patrician, Gino:—

"There was abundant evidence of intellectual power about the pure, broad brow, and in the keen expression of the large and light-brown eyes. But the rounded temples and arched brow indicated that the power was more of the perceptive and creative than of the reflective kind, and that the temperament belonged to the artistic rather than to the philosophic category. The eye, with all its hand-someness—and it was a very handsome eye—had an expression of restlessness, which a certain air of depression in the general bearing and in the expression of the mouth seemed to characterize as the restlessness arising from unsatisfied yearnings for activity. On the whole, the face was a very loveable face, eminently calculated to win the affection of a poetical rather than of an active and practical nature. For the outline of the forehead, the fineness of the chestnut-coloured, curling, but not crisply curling, locks that surrounded it; the arched brow, the delicacy of the skin and complexion as seen at the temples, and the general air of lassitude that has been mentioned, seemed to indicate impressionability, sensibility, power of sympathy, and quickness (?) of volition. Yet it might well be that, as regarded the sympathies and affinities of the other sex, a precisely contrary result to that suggested above might be brought about. The observation of the operation of those affinities justifies the theory that individuals of

\* Gemma. By T. A. Trollope. Three vols. London: Chapman & Hall.



opposite sexes are often led to seek in each other rather the complement than the counterpart of their own nature. The hard and precise intellect is captivated by the vaguer aspirations of the artistic temperament. And to such a degree is this the case that it often seems to supersede the general law which assigns the position of sustainer and supporter to the man. It is by no means very unusual to see a man of weak moral fibre attracted by a woman of more than ordinary force. And it is, perhaps, yet more common to see a woman of such a temperament irresistibly attracted by the opposite qualities in a man; always be it understood, however, that the weakness is moral weakness, unallied either with physical weakness or physical cowardice. In these respects a man must always be a man for it to be possible that a woman should be drawn towards him. But it unquestionably often occurs that women of strong volition and self-sustaining character are attracted by the dreamy instability which not unfrequently is found in idiosyncrasies, more or less strongly characterized by what is called 'genius.'

In "The Constitution of Man," or "The Physiology of Common Life," we could readily perceive the utility of all this; but why it appears in a novel, the essential charm of which is the prescription of the Grecian sage, Action, we are at a loss to conjecture. Nor can we more easily determine the value of this minutely elaborate description—of which we have only quoted a portion—of a man who performs no loftier achievement than falling in love with a pretty girl. It is one of those "rich windows that exclude the light, and passages that lead to nothing." On the whole we do not think "Gemma" will add much to Mr. T. A. Trollope's reputation as a novelist. Any one who seeks in it amusement will be disappointed; and it can only claim the attention of those anxious to gain some information of the country, or rather of the district of which it treats.

#### USEFUL INFORMATION FOR ENGINEERS.\*

MR. FAIRBAIRN is one of our most successful practical engineers. An acute, industrious, plodding, painstaking man, with considerable mechanical instinct, and great powers of observation; but he is not a man of genius, using the term as indicating that highest of all intellectual aptitudes, the power of creating or inventing. Thanks to a thirst for distinction which has always thrust his light prominently forward, instead of letting it lie hidden under a bushel, he may be said to occupy to a certain extent in the eyes of his countrymen the position of England's representative engineer. But all qualified to judge are well aware that in genius as an engineer he is far surpassed by individuals whose more retiring character, and greater reticence, have kept their names comparatively in shadow. The following description given by Mr. Fairbairn in the work before us of the mental characteristics of the late George Stephenson, strikes us as eminently applicable to himself. "The locomotive is not the invention of one individual, but the labour of many; and none have done more for insuring its efficiency than the two Stephensons, father and son. Not that the late George Stephenson had any extraordinary inventive powers, but he possessed a keen sense of observation, and an indomitable perseverance in every pursuit in which he was engaged, and hence followed his great success as a railway engineer." And he elsewhere tells us "he (George Stephenson) could scarcely be called an inventor, or a man of great intellectual capacity." Now, without disputing the soundness of this estimate, we may remark that if the two men, Stephenson and his critic, were submitted to the test of querying the probable delay to progress which the subtraction of the professional labours of either would have occasioned, we fancy the Northumbrian would not occupy the hindmost place. Unfortunately for the time and patience of the reading public, the maxim that no man is a hero to his valet, must be reversed in the instance of biographers, and also generally speaking in the case of authors who essay to perform the rôle of biographers on their own account. As a thrifty housewife scours the pantry and larder on a Saturday morning, and gathers up the fragments that remain for her *pot-à-feu* that nothing be lost, so Mr. Fairbairn, on the present occasion, seems to have ransacked his portfolio for scraps for the printer, and succeeded in disinterring sundry lectures, &c., before mechanics' institutes, which, however worthy of himself and the occasion of their delivery, are sadly out of place in the volume before us. We would remind him that even the most frugal housewives don't present their odds and ends on the occasions when they invite the public to their tables.

Mr. Fairbairn is nothing if not an engineer, and we may be very glad to listen to him on engineering subjects without desiring a lecture from him on "Mental Philosophy" or "the Beauties of Milton," the ground of the distinction being that we may reasonably hope to learn something from him in the former character, but not in the latter, if we except the facility of self-delusion. However interesting in a lecture at the Southport Athenæum, before a Southport audience, the public at large do not care to know that in Mr. Fairbairn's early days there was only one house of entertainment in Southport, that the landlord's name was Harry Rimmer, that he played on the fiddle, and "that the sandhills were so close at hand that the fresh fish of those days was always in season if the wind happened to blow from the west or south-west."

Mr. Fairbairn gives some interesting particulars of the relative value of a "horse power" exerted under different mechanical conditions. A pack-horse carrying a load on his back will carry 333lb a distance of 18 miles in a day of 8 hours; a coach-horse travelling at 10 miles an hour, will draw 850lb 20 miles for a day's work—944lb a distance of 18 miles; a cart-horse, travelling at 3 miles an hour, will draw 2,496lb 18 miles for a day's work on a common road, but on a railway 43,680lb, and on a canal 44,800lb; a railway locomotive will draw per horse-power 46,666lb. Supposing, therefore, the pack-horse be represented by unity, the following will represent the different values of a horse power under the different conditions:—

The pack-horse .....	1
The coach-horse .....	2.8
The cart-horse on common road ...	7.5
The cart-horse on railway .....	131.1
The draught-horse on canal .....	134.5
The steam-horse .....	140.1

But a locomotive goods-engine may travel at thirty miles an hour, in which case each horse-power, when measured by time, will do ten times the work of a draught-horse. We thank Mr. Fairbairn for these details, which are interesting and appropriate to the title of his volume; but the same cannot be said of his homily on marital and parental duties, where he tells us that "a father is, according to my opinion, by no means exempt from his share of domestic duties, nor of what is due to a good and virtuous wife in the training of his children," with much more in the same strain. Still less can we congratulate him upon his success in his assumption of the office of a teacher of psychology and mental and moral philosophy, as the following passages will make abundantly evident:—

"The acquisition of knowledge or ideas impressed upon the mind, is not acquired without labour, and its subsequent application, arising from thought when directed to science or the social purposes of life, is what may be called mental labour in contradistinction to what is generally known as physical exertion. . . . Mental exertion is that kind of labour by which we arrive at certain definite ideas which, retained in the mind or carried into effect for a particular purpose, will produce certain results; or, in other words, they form such a combination of ideas as are calculated to enlarge our conceptions by the creation of other ideas which not unfrequently occur to the studious in the pursuit of knowledge."

This is tolerably obscure, but this is rather a favourable specimen of Mr. Fairbairn's philosophy, and contrasts advantageously with the following:—

"In this sketch I have endeavoured to show the uses and value of labour; let us now consider wherein consists its influences, and to what extent it is beneficial to the community. Labour in this respect is productive of much good, as its influences extend to all classes in promoting a spirit of emulation and enterprise, and a desire to rise in the estimation of our fellow-men. It stimulates our exertions to obtain knowledge, to increase our wealth, and to attain distinction in our respective professional callings. These are the offspring of labour, and there is no denying that their influences are such that most of us will make any sacrifice to attain consideration in the eyes of the world."

Here we are treated to a philosophy which would make the generation of the steam dependent upon the motion of the piston—not only, however, do we get a hopeless muddle in the ideas on the causation of human motives, but the imperfect English which we tolerate as the vehicle of facts in practical engineering, becomes conspicuously slovenly and ragged as the dress of the thoughts of the moral and scientific essayist. Neither, as might be anticipated, is Mr. Fairbairn more successful in illustrating the beauties of Milton. But from Fairbairn the philosopher, aping a rôle for which he is unfitted, we gladly turn to Fairbairn the engineer, with his common sense and shrewdness. The question of the rivalry of the foreigner with ourselves in the iron trade, which we have hitherto regarded as peculiarly our own, has within the last year assumed a serious aspect, and thrust itself upon the attention of the country. Mr. Fairbairn's views on this subject entirely coincide with the opinions we were led to form from a visit to the principal ironworks of France and Belgium sixteen years ago, when we came to the conclusions that in ten years the Belgian ironmasters would be able to compete with us in our own markets. Mr. Fairbairn looks upon the French *ouvriers* as active and intelligent, and the Germans, Swiss, and Belgians as patient and enduring, and considers that though foreigners may take a longer time in executing work than English workmen, they are nevertheless expert, and in many cases better educated, and therefore better able to cope with the difficulties and obstacles in the way of progress. "I firmly believe, from what I have seen," says Mr. Fairbairn, "that the French and Germans are in advance of us in the theoretical knowledge of the principles of the higher branches of industrial art; and I think this arises from the greater facilities afforded by the institutions of those countries for instruction in chemical and mechanical science." There can be no doubt of this fact, and we commend it to the attention of our rulers, in the hope that they may be induced to follow the wise example of Prussia, and endeavour to extend a knowledge of chemistry by establishing colleges and laboratories on an extensive scale for the theoretical and practical teaching of this science, so fundamentally important in the arts.

\* Useful Information for Engineers. Third Series. As comprised in a Series of Lectures on the Applied Sciences, and on other kindred subjects; together with Treatises on the Comparative Merits of the Paris and London International Exhibitions, on Roofs, on the Atlantic Cable, and on the effect of Impact on Girders. By William Fairbairn, Esq., C.E., LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. London: Longmans.



## WIT AND HUMOUR.\*

HUMOUR is what all aim at, but few attain. The arrows of Thersites fly right and left, but only one or two hit the gold. Diderot truly said, "Cent froids logiciens pour un grand orateur; dix grands orateurs pour un poète sublime," and he might have added, with still greater truth, five sublime poets for one humorist. Sydney Smith, however, was of opinion that humour might be taught, like addition; but this was one of the best jokes Sydney Smith ever made. Does anybody, however, wish to know how humour—that, if we may so speak, mental effervescence—may be manufactured, provided he possesses the right quality of mind? Then let him listen to the way in which the best champagne at Epernay is made. The grapes are gathered when they are quite ripe with the greatest care. Every grape that is the least injured by an insect, or mildewed with blight, or pitted with hail, is rejected. Then the grapes are placed in a cool, shady place, ready for the press. After pressing, the lees are allowed to deposit, and the scum is taken off. Then the wine is racked and fined, and at last bottled, and Horace's maxim, "Nonum prematur in annum," carefully observed. Thus is made the famous *vin mousseux*, which gives neither headache, nor leaves a taste in the mouth. In this way, too, is the bright sparkling humour made, if you have only the true mental Epernay grape. And the vine which produces this grape Mr. Holmes not only possesses, but sedulously cultivates, pruning the branches, trenching round the roots, and plucking off all the mildewed fruit. In short no man has, by care and cultivation, so much improved the flavour of his humour as Mr. Holmes. At first, as in some of his early poems, it was rather dull and flat. Now it is full of body, ripe, sparkling, and creamy. Again, too, it shows its particular growth. As certain wines smack of the soil—when it is iron they are astringent—so does Mr. Holmes's wit smack of its native land. Whatever may be the future of American literature, it has certainly produced one thing, a peculiar kind of humour. Whether the climate, which, as physiologists have observed, produces such marked physical effects on the American race, produces also certain mental characteristics, we cannot undertake to say. But certainly American literature, in the short space of less than half a century, has produced a humour which is original and unique. And of the humorists of America, Oliver Wendell Holmes ranks amongst the foremost. The present volume before us is a selection from his poems. Mr. Hotten, like the famous piece of furniture which was a bed by night and chest of drawers by day, performs the double office of editor and publisher. We prefer him in his latter character, for the book is well "got up," and printed in good type on toned paper. The introduction, however, is apparently made in the same way as the binding, with a paste-pot and scissors. As to the selection, opinions will differ. Selectors, like favourites, have no friends. Every one will miss some particular piece, yet, on the other hand, he is sure to find something which will please him. Thus the opening poem is the "Ballad of the Oysterman," which reminds us somewhat of the humour of a well-known Scottish song. Then, too, we find the famous "Music-Grinders," one stanza of which—

"You think they are crusaders sent,  
From some infernal clime,  
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,  
And dock the tail of Rhyme;  
To crack the voice of Melody,  
And break the legs of Time,"

has now passed into every "Dictionary of Quotations," the surest credential of fame. The laws of the people are not, unfortunately, made by the ballad-writer, or else these lines would long ago have put down the organ nuisance. Then, too, we find the equally well known "Nux Postcœnatica":—

"I was sitting with my microscope, upon my parlour rug,  
With a very heavy quarto, and a very lively bug;  
The true bug had been organized with only two antennæ,  
But the humbug in the copper-plate would have them twice as many."

And, soon after, we come upon the "Ode for a Social Meeting," with "the slight alterations by a teetotaller"—to which our type will not unfortunately do justice,—beside a delicious piece of modern Johnsonese, beginning,—

"In candent ire the solar splendour flames;  
The foles, linqescent, pend from arid rames;  
His humid front the oive, anhelng, wipes,  
And dreams of errng on ventiferous ripes,"

which reads very much like a leader in the *Daily Telegraph* put into rhyme. Finally, we find a very characteristic poem, which we do not remember to have seen before—"The Sweet Little Man," dedicated to "the Stay-at-home Rangers," which ends thus,—

"Now, then, nine cheers for the Stay-at-home Ranger!  
Blow the fish-horn, and beat the big pan!  
First in the field that is farthest from danger,  
Take your white feather-plume, sweet little man!"

This little volume then, we think, gives a fair anthology from Holmes's poems, which, like the true Epernay champagne, will produce neither a headache, nor leave a bad taste in the mouth.

\* Wit and Humour. Poems. By the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." London: John Camden Hotten.

## THE SCIENTIFIC PERIODICALS.

The *Intellectual Observer* opens the new year vigorously with a number so liberally illustrated that the wonder is how the book can be produced at the price. The frontispiece is an exquisitely executed coloured illustration of the Brazilian *Chasmorhynchus nudicollis*, one of the bell-birds of tropical America, drawn from the adult male in the gardens of the Zoological Society. The secretary of the society, Mr. P. L. Selater, informs us that it is only within the last few months that the society have succeeded in adding to their large collection of living birds, examples of the species belonging to the great fruit-eating family of Cotingas (*Cotingida*) which plays so conspicuous a part in the ornithology of tropical America. Birds that in a state of nature subsist almost entirely on ripe fruit, are, as might be expected, difficult creatures to provide for in a state of captivity, especially during the voyage home, and consequently rarely reach our shores alive. Recently, however, several forms belonging to the different frugivorous families of the tropics of both hemispheres, have been successfully imported, and amongst them examples of the cock-of-the-rock of Guiana (*Rapicola crocea*), and the bell-bird of Brazil (*Chasmorhynchus nudicollis*). The bell-birds are about the size of the mistle-thrush of Europe, and the special character which distinguishes them from other genera of the same family is the development in the adult male of naked skin and fleshy wattles on various parts of the head and neck. In all of the known species the adult male is either wholly or partly of a pure snowy white. E. C. Rye contributes a carefully-written article "on Parasitic Beetles," full of interesting particulars on the habits of these *Coleoptera*, especially in relation to their alliances with ants, which, though they have long formed an object of study to the most eminent entomologists in all European countries, still remain an enigma of which no satisfactory explanation can be given. In two instances, viz., *Claviger testaceus* and *Atemela*, there can be no doubt but their landlords (the ants) are as careful over them as over their own young, bearing them rapidly, but with an excess of care, away from the approach of danger, and exhibiting as much anxiety on their account as some of their species do for the aphides. Sentimental attachment would appear an absurd explanation of the bond of union for such practical workaday folk as the *Formicida*. Nevertheless, no verbal expression could sufficiently depict the evident trouble and anxiety with which a *Formica fusca* carries away *Atemela emarginatus* in its jaws, tenderly bearing it; and there is something ludicrous in the complacency of the beetle—a great angular *Brachelytron*—as it submits to be thus dandled; the absurdity of the thing being more apparent when one compels the ant to drop its nursing, which straightway opens out its long legs and antennæ, and, considerably larger than its late porter, scuttles away with straggling gait. "Kaffir Promise and Capability," by Dr. Mann, is illustrated by a tinted plate of the heads of four Zulu Kaffirs, in which the physiognomy is very successfully given. Two articles on recent changes in the configuration of the craters, &c., on the moon's surface, by the Rev. T. W. Webb and W. R. Birt, each illustrated by a diagram, give some curious particulars of the result of observations during the past year. Two articles, both illustrated, are devoted to the November shower of shooting stars, one by the Hon. Mrs. Ward, and the other by A. S. Herschel, whilst the true relations under which the planet Mars will present himself at the opposition which takes place during January, 1867, are explained by Richard A. Proctor, and illustrated by five woodcuts.

The *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*, in addition to the Transactions of the Royal Microscopical Society of London, Original Communications and Reviews, gives its readers a summary of the progress of Microscopical Science in France, Germany, and our own colonies, forming, in fact, a record of all important discoveries by microscopists throughout the world, and making a sight of the journal a necessity for all who occupy themselves in microscopical inquiries. The most interesting and important paper in the present number is a translation from the German of an article "On the Structure and Physiology of the Retina," by Professor Max Schultze. The author's researches have been more especially directed to the distinction between the "rods" and "cones," less as to their morphological features, which are tolerably well determined, than to their mutual relations to each other, and the other elements of the retina, with a view to discover, if possible, in what their difference in function consisted. In the most sensitive part of the human retina "cones" only exist, whilst in every other part the "rods" far exceed the "cones" in number. Again, in the retina of many animals "rods" alone are found, and in others only "cones." Whilst most of our larger domestic animals present an arrangement of these elements resembling that of man and the ape, with the exception of the absence of the *macula lutea*, the "cones," according to the author's observations, are entirely wanting in bats, the hedgehog, mole, mouse, and guinea-pig; whilst the cat, rabbit, and rat, present an intermediate organization, the "rods" greatly preponderating over the "cones." In the other vertebrate classes, the proportion of "rods" to "cones" approaches nearest to that observed in the mammalian retina, in the osseous fishes. In the ray and shark "rods" only exist. In birds, reptiles, and amphibia the structure of the retina differs greatly from that of mammals and fish. In the bird, the proportion of "cones" to "rods" found in the mammalia, is reversed, approaching what is observed in the *macula lutea* in man, the "cones" preponderating greatly over the "rods." A similar tendency is seen in the retina of reptiles. That of the turtle is similar to the bird, whilst in lizards and in snakes the rods appear to be wholly wanting. The retina of the owl is an exception to that of other birds, the rods preponderating. Another peculiarity is the absence of red pigment globules, and the paleness of the few yellow cones. As the retina of nocturnal mammalia present an entire absence of "cones," may not their comparative paucity in the case of the owl, together with the pale colour of its few pigment globules, be connected with its nocturnal habits and avoidance of light. In short, Professor Schultze has been led to regard it as probable that the function of the "cones" is peculiarly connected with the perception of colour, whilst that of the "rods" is restricted

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to the simple perception of light. Either evidently suffice for distinct vision—the “coneless” retina of the bat, hedgehog, and mole, no less than the “rodless” retina of snakes and lizards; but it may plausibly be conjectured that the perception of lower degrees of luminosity is possessed by nocturnal animals, and consequently is an attribute of the rods. If these surmises prove correct, to speak with precision, the more special function of the cones would seem to be to respond to the number of vibrations of the ether upon which colour depends. Here the function of the external sense ends, and it is to the brain that we must look for that further analysis which produces conscious perception. We do not anticipate that colour-blindness in man will ever be found to depend upon the absence of “cones” in the retina, however indispensable these may be to the perception, but rather upon the absence of the brain lying above, which has been very marked in all the cases examined by us. So much so in some, that a perpendicular line carried up from the front of the pupil would pass clear of the superciliary ridge, whilst an opposite conformation of eyebrow is well known to be characteristic of great colourists.

The *Popular Science Review* opens with a paper on the “Mode of Growth of some of the Algae,” by J. Braxton Hicks, M.D., in which the more remarkable phenomena connected with the reproduction of the species in these now favourite objects of study are briefly but clearly treated of and illustrated by a plate containing seventeen figures, chiefly representing the various modes of reproduction. This is followed by “the Geology of Sinai,” by the Rev. E. W. Holland, M.A. “Apart from all its sacred associations,” says the author, “I know of no country which impresses itself more vividly upon the senses than the southern portion of the peninsula of Sinai. It combines the three grand features of earthly scenery—the sea, the desert, and the mountains.” The lack of vegetation is compensated for by the bright colours of its rocks, which, when lighted up by the rising or setting sun, produce an effect, the beauty of which it is impossible to describe; the want of rivers and lakes is supplied by the frequent views of the deep blue sea, which present themselves from almost every point in the Sinaitic range; and the wild grandeur of the mountains, ever varying in form and structure, dispels the monotony which the absence of trees would otherwise beget.” Richard A. Proctor, B.A., contributes a paper on “the Planet Mars in January, 1867,” at which period Mars is in opposition. A curious fact connected with this planet is that the studies of our leading astronomers and physicists leave little doubt that his atmosphere is less adapted to reflect light than formerly. Besides the periodic changes in the dimensions of those two white caps near the polar regions which have so long been recognised as—

“The snowy poles of moonless Mars,”

The details of other portions of his surface vary from time to time. The variations in the appearance of Mars are clearly explicable on the natural hypothesis of an atmospheric envelope, such as that surrounding our own earth. The next article, on “Water Filters,” by Edward Divers, M.D., F.C.S., is by no means to be commended, being in parts so carelessly written as to leave the meaning in doubt, whilst the conclusion announced seems scarcely consistent with the author’s premises. Unfortunately, the omission to write good English is accompanied with the affectation of introducing new words both superfluous and inelegant. Thus we are told:—“For though animal matters may be practically looked upon as present if, with carbonaceous (or organic) matters, ammonia or nitrates be found also, or if the carbonaceous matter be found to be also nitrogenous [what is the alternative suggested?], there may still be sufficient animal matter in water to do harm, and yet these evidences not be attainable, or, at any rate, not to an extent to be relied upon. However, the presence of a very little organic matter in a water, the history of which shows its impurification with sewage to be improbable, does not make it impure for drinking purposes.” Surely a word in common use, “pollution,” is quite competent to do the duty for which “impurification” has been manufactured. “Our Freshwater Entomostraca Shell Insects or Water Fleas,” by W. Baird, M.D., is a carefully written and highly interesting article, illustrated by a plate containing seventeen figures of these eccentric *Crustaceans*, and will well repay perusal; and the same may be said of “How to Photograph Microscopic Objects?” by Edward T. Wilson, M.B., which bears the unmistakable impress of being a practical lesson from a clever manipulator.

The *Geological Magazine* has now been established two years and a half, and has earned for itself a position as the medium of communication for geologists and paleontologists upon all subjects bearing on these pursuits. The editors inform us that, since its commencement, it has maintained an average circulation of 700 copies monthly; a fair success for a journal exclusively occupied with a special department of science, and published in a city producing between 200 and 300 weekly, nearly 400 monthly, and 80 quarterly periodicals; and say they enter hopefully upon a new year and fourth volume feeling they carry with them the good wishes of all lovers of geological science. The present number is a fair average specimen of the periodical. The original articles are,—“On an Old Lake-basin in Shropshire,” by Miss Eyton; “On Denudation and the Configuration of the Ground,” by A. B. Wynne, F.G.S., illustrated by two lithographic plates; “On the Lower Carboniferous Rocks of North Wales,” by A. H. Green, M.A., F.G.S., with a woodcut; and “On the Genera *Asaphus* and *Ogygia*,” by the late H. Wyatt-Edgell, 13th Regiment, with a woodcut. We regret to see in the “Miscellaneous” that Professor Sedgwick, the occupant, for nearly fifty years, of the Chair of Geology at Cambridge, in commencing his course of lectures, stated that he should not be able to deliver his lecture on the following Friday, from having to meet his oculist, his sight being very much impaired. The present was his forty-ninth course of lectures as Woodwardian Professor. Although the professorship was founded in 1734, practically no lectures had been delivered by any of its holders until he received the appointment, after a hard struggle, in 1818. The science of geology was then always looked upon as dangerous and suspicious, and one attempt to lecture had been nipped in the bud, it was said,

by a hint from high quarters. “Those,” said the Professor, “who had any faith worth the name in the revelation on which their religion was founded would never fear that which was impossible, that one truth would contradict another. All truth was in harmony, and Nature had this grand characteristic—that she possessed no isolated phenomena; everything in Nature was regulated by beautiful, fixed laws.”

*Hardwicke’s Science Gossip* is as interesting as usual, and, under the head of “an Interesting Event,” we are treated to some humorous details on the accouchement of the wife of Polar Bear, Esq., of the Gardens, Regent’s Park, of a son and daughter, written by John Keast Lord. Strange to say the young cubs, though the offspring of an animal more than six feet in length, were decidedly smaller than the pups of their foster-mother, a small terrier. Recourse was had to the terrier on account of the Bear having devoured her offspring on two former occasions—but the experiment did not prove successful, both cubs having died.

*Edinburgh Medical Journal*.—The subject-matter of this well-conducted periodical we consider unsuited to our pages. The present number has for its first article a minutely-detailed “Case of Typhus Fever followed by Right Hemiplegia and Loss of Intellectual Language, both Articulate and Written,” with eight plates, illustrative of the gradual progress of the patient, in writing, during convalescence.

Received the *Journal of the Statistical Society* and the *Quarterly Journal of Science*.

### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Key of the Universe*. (Chapman & Hall.)—Man’s faculties are limited, and we are not ashamed to own that we have found the present work, although designated a “Key,” beyond our comprehension. To our thinking, “the Universe an Enigma” with the motto “*Obscurum per Obscurius*,” would have formed a more appropriate title-page. We never read a book which more strongly impressed us with the conviction that the writer himself did not understand what he had written; but had, instead of clear and definite ideas of the subjects treated, only a dim glimmering of some unsubstantial forms faintly discernible through a thick mist, which changed their shape and proportions even whilst he was endeavouring to transfer their lineaments to his pages. If this be not so, all we can say is that the author labours under the fatal incapacity of not being able to make himself understood, the result achieved being palpably a specimen of the incomprehensible—excellent of its kind—supposing the object to be to cheat the ear with learned diction and sounding phrases of quasi philosophic import, which should yet yield, upon analysis, nothing richer or more substantial than sand and ashes, but in any other point of view an abortion. The key-notes of his philosophy which appear to be space and ether, are expounded as follows:—“It now becomes a question, What are space and ether in respect of each other? And first, is space an entity or a negation? Did ether depend upon space in such a manner that, had it willed to make its appearance, it would not have done so without previously ascertaining that space was already there to receive it? It cannot be nothing, for all bodies occupy it, and they cannot occupy nothing. How can they be contained in their negations? For much more must space, which does not contain them, be negative to them than that which does. Everything, moreover, is in that sense negative to what it is not, and positive, too, according to the point of departure. A cube of matter is equivalent in mensuration to precisely that length, breadth, and depth of space; and if you remove that matter, these dimensions remain, and they are not negative. It would seem difficult to measure a nonentity. Again, if space is negative to matter, duration is negative to succession. For example, a ceremonial takes place: is the hour which it occupies the negation of it? But space is to matter as time is to event; and that being so, in what sense are we to accept the notion of space, without which nothing that is contained within it could possibly exist? It will, I believe, be found that space, so far from being negative (using the word as I do here, not in a polar but in an absolute sense), is the most positive of all entities; it is infinite in extension and eternal in duration, none of the mutabilities of matter being so far incident to it. Indeed, we may, without trifling either time or space, deem the universe happy in possessing such ample accommodation with so permanent a tenure. Nothing is easier than to explain away space by considering it as a capability of matter or as an abstract notion, or as a fiction of the senses; but if space is imaginary, so also is matter (which, in the popular acceptance, is perfectly true). Nevertheless, reason away matter as you will, you cannot so dispose of space; for, be it what it may, it would still retain its integrity were all its contained concretes to be utterly dissolved. But you might ask, if space is positive, what is the negation of it? That which is the negation of everything else—nothing. Nor could anything be in the place of it, for space is itself place, and the negation of place is no place.” We think we have given “space” enough to this kind of “matter,” which clearly is the “negation of everything else,” including common sense, and ends in “nothing.” All attempts to explain simple or ultimate ideas are *ipso facto* absurd. The reasoning and logic of this book, of which this is a fair specimen, appear to us a mere conglomeration of meaningless verbiage, to which it has been sought to impart form and substance by a dress profusely stiffened with metaphysical buckram and padded with pretended mathematics. It is to be regretted that the author had no judicious friend at his elbow to have prevented his rushing into print.

*The Children’s Picture Book of the Sagacity of Animals*. Illustrated with Sixty Engravings by Harrison Weir. (Sampson Low & Co.)—Who would not be a child again, with all the advantages which juvenility in these days has scattered at its feet only waiting to be picked up? This picture-book alone offers an irresistible temptation to lapse once more into babyhood. In this little book we have a full, true, and particular account of everything done by domestic animals, and how they looked whilst doing it. The two cart-horses who com-



bined their efforts in icebreaking look just as knowing as we should expect to find them; and then the countenance of that donkey who opened the garden gate and helped himself to the carrots has petty larceny marked in every line of it. His colleague, the Gibraltar donkey, who swam 200 miles, presents an appearance of resignation which, under the distressing circumstances in which he finds himself, does him infinite credit; and as to that remarkable horse of Leeds, who used to help himself to pump water, he looks as if the position of a New River turncock was, of all others, that for which Nature had most intended him. Our feathered friends receive equal justice from Mr. Weir's pencil. The gander who drowns the cock for trifling with his wife and family, does look a bird that meant mischief, and manages to get up a fierceness of aspect which it requires the swan, who adopts a similar remedy in the case of a carrion crow, to approach; and the happy family of pigeons and kittens is, beyond all question, a true picture of domestic bliss.

*The Savage Club Papers.* Edited by Andrew Halliday. (Tinsley Brothers.)—Charity, as we know, covers a multitude of sins, and the literary shortcomings of the Savage Club Papers are protected from criticism by the object for which they are ostensibly written. The pictures are for the most part superior to the text; the paper and the binding are unexceptionable. We wish the book all the success which the spirit in which it was undertaken deserves. Our readers will find a very pretty and tuneable song in it, "Early Days." A part of the preface appears to be directed at an article published a few months since in this Journal. We accept Mr. Halliday's word as to the character of the Savage Club. "To be a working man in literature and art and a good fellow" are capital qualifications for admission anywhere; the danger of associations of the Savage Club order is, however, that the "good fellow" ship may be more sedulously cultivated than either the "art" or the "literature." The Savage Club have secured an excellent editor in Mr. Halliday. Had his allusion to the LONDON REVIEW been written in any other tone or temper, we should disregard it with the amused contempt with which one listens to a clown doing his comic business with his bladder and peas, or talking irresponsible balderdash under the license of a banter.

*Yesterday and To-day in India.* By Sidney Laman Blanchard. (W. H. Allen & Co.)—A prolonged residence in the East, a capacity for shrewd observation, and the power of conveying information in a very pleasant manner, constitutes Mr. Blanchard as one of the most delightful authorities upon anything and everything Indian. He writes in that lively style which deceives his readers into the notion that they are merely amusing themselves, whilst they are really acquiring a great deal of information. The greater portion of the volume has already appeared in the pages of *All The Year Round* and *Temple Bar*.

*Our Premier; or, Love and Duty.* By Frank Foster, author of "Number One; or, The Way of the World," &c. (John Snow.)—We should never have been able, by the most careful perusal of this book, to discover the object with which it was written did not the author himself inform us at the outset that he intended his production to be of a more sensational character than his other works. This, however, he qualifies by the remark that if his object were mere profitless sensation, "the work, instead of being given to the world, would be buried within the boundary of its nativity by the parent hand of Frank Foster." How he is to effect this arrangement it is difficult to see, but we can find in the story neither profit nor sensation.

*Thom's Irish Almanack, and Official Directory of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland for the Year 1867.* (Dublin: Alexander Thom.)—*Who's Who in 1867.* Edited by William John Lawson. (A. H. Baily & Co.)—The present is the twenty-fourth annual issue of Mr. Thom's admirable "Almanack and Official Directory"—a work of which it would be hard to say what it does not contain all that is likely to be needed by the business man in any walk of life. It is a hundred volumes in one, admirably digested and arranged, full of information, and easy of reference.—In its smaller way, "Who's Who" is also a serviceable book, neat and handy, which we are glad to see in its nineteenth year.

*The Fire Ships; a Story of the Last Naval War.* By W. H. G. Kingston, author of "Cruise of the Frolic," "The Boy's own Book of Boats," &c. Illustrated Edition. (Sampson Low, Son, & Marston).—Although this book is far more prosy and tedious than it might be, the subject and the incidents which it presents to its readers are of a kind likely to make it very acceptable to boys. The illustrations are good, and the volume a neat one.

Mr. Trollope has now brought us to the seventh stage of the "Barset Chronicles," and the story grows more interesting with every number. The author's rare talent for making his characters talk naturally, and at the same time bring forward the action of the tale, is even more remarkable in this his latest work than even "Barchester Towers" or "Framley Parsonage."

*The Conscript, a Tale of the French War of 1813.* Translated from the French of MM. Erokmann-Chatrian. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)—This is a cheap and very neat edition of a book which has been already very favourably received.

We have also received *A Letter to the Right Hon. Benj. Disraeli, M.P., on the present Relations of England with the Colonies*, by the Right Hon. C. B. Alderley, M.P., with an Appendix of extracts from evidence taken before the Select Committee on Colonial Military Expenditure, 1861 (Edward Stanford);—*Uncontrollable Drunkenness considered as a form of Mental Disorder, with Suggestions for its Treatment and the Organization of Sanatoria for Dipsomaniacs*, by Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L. Oxon. (Robert Hardwicke);—*Dozens versus Tens, or the Ounce, the Inch, and the Penny considered as Standards of Weight, Measure, and Money, and with reference to Duodecimal Notations*, by Thomas Leech, F.C.S. (Robt. Hardwicke);—*The Churchman's Daily Remembrancer of Doctrine and Duty*, with a Preface, by W. R. Freemantle, M.A., Rector of Claydon, Bucks, and Rural Dean (Rivingtons);—*The Daily Walk with Jesus in the Promised Land*, by the Rev. David Martin, Oxford (W. J. Johnson);—*Histoire de la République d'Athènes*, par M<sup>me</sup>. Hortense A. De Mèretens (Trübner &

Co.);—*Histoire de France du Petit Louis*, par Lady Calcott, Auteur de "L'Histoire d'Angleterre du Petit Arthur," Nouvelle Edition, revue et augmentée, par M<sup>me</sup>. Francisque Michel (Moxon & Co.);—*Recueil Choisi de Traités Historiques et de Contes Moraux*, par N. Wanoostrocht, Docteur en Droit, Nouvelle Edition, par Le Chevalier De Châtelain (Tegg);—*A History of the Protestant Reformation*, by Wm. Cobbett (Dublin: James Duffy);—*Practical Chemistry*, by Stephenson Macadam, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., F.C.S., illustrated by woodcuts (W. & R. Chambers);—*Modern Arithmetic*, a treatise adapted for school-work and private study, containing numerous improvements in aid of the preparation of candidates for public examination, by the Rev. John Hunter, M.A., formerly Vice-Principal of the National Society's Training College, Battersea (Longmans);—*Arithmetic, Step by Step*, by Henry Combes, Poplar and Blackwall Free School, and Edwin Hines, Middlesex School, Cannon-street-road, E. (Longmans);—*The Palmerston Series of Copybooks*, by Vere Foster, and Vere Foster's Writing Chart (Whittaker & Co.);—*The Standard Arithmetical Copybook*, *The Complete Arithmetical Copybook*, and *The Companion Exercise Book*, by Henry Combes and Edward Hines (Longmans);—*Hidden Sense, Seek and Find, or Double Acrostics*, edited by E. R. Babington (F. Warne & Co.);—*The Mechanic's Handbook*, by W. A. Browne, LL.D. (Edward Stanford);—*Matherson's Brighton and Suburban Directory for 1867* (Brighton: John Beal; London: Adams & Francis);—*The Illustrated Farmers' and Gardeners' Almanack for 1867*;—*The Chessplayer's Magazine*, edited by J. Lowenthal, Vol. II., New Series, 1866 (Adams & Francis);—the January Part of the same periodical (Same Publishers);—and a one volume edition, with some of the original illustrations, of Mrs. Gaskell's *Wives and Daughters* (Smith, Elder, & Co.).

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

VICTOR COUSIN, one of the most conspicuous philosophical writers of France in the early years of the present century, has just died in Paris, at the age of seventy-four. He was born in 1792, in the throes of the first French Revolution, the principles and great events of which materially affected his character, and in a great measure determined his views. He says that he learned to read in the *chansons* of that heroic period, and at ten years of age was familiar with the names of its leaders. From the lectures of M. Laromiguière, and afterwards of M. Royer-Collard, delivered at the Normal School to which Cousin proceeded, after a previous career at the Lycée Charlemagne, he derived the elements of his own philosophical ideas, and at twenty-three was himself appointed to the chair of philosophy in the same seminary. This was in 1815, but in 1820 the liberality of his views offended or alarmed the restored Bourbon Government, and he found it necessary to retire. He had already visited Germany, and now went there again; and there can be no doubt that he derived great advantage from commerce with such minds as those of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and Jacobi. Subsequently he was restored to the chair of Philosophy at the Normal School, and delivered several lectures on the intellectual history of modern times. In these he advocated what he called "the investigation of human thought" according to the principles of Descartes, and the political doctrines inaugurated by the French Revolution. It is almost needless to state that he was a supporter of the Revolution of July, 1830, and for some time he was connected with the Government, and was said to be an official exponent of Orleanist principles. But in 1848 he supported the Republic, though not the extreme section of democrats, for, at the request of Cavaignac during his brief term of power, he wrote against them. After 1849, he took no part in public affairs, and his death recalls, after a considerable lapse, the attention of European thinkers to his name. Besides his philosophical works, he produced several biographies, reports on public instruction, reviews, a translation of Plato, &c. His fame was at one time great, but it has latterly been to a large extent superseded by that of other writers.

The case of the rival *Belgravias* was again the subject of adjudication on Tuesday, when the two suits, "Maxwell v. Hogg," and "Hogg v. Maxwell," were heard in the Court of Chancery. The decision left the case just where it stood when Vice-Chancellor Stuart delivered judgment on it more than two months ago. Neither side can claim any exclusive right in the title; and from the observations of Lord Justice Cairns, who gave judgment, it appears that there is no copyright even in a registered title before the production of the work to which it refers. If, he said, any one had chosen to bring out a "Mugby Junction" after the issue of Mr. Dickens's advertisements, and before the appearance of the story itself, Mr. Dickens would have had to suffer in silence, and without redress. Sir Hugh Cairns mentioned this with regret; but such, he affirms, is the state of the law. Both bills were accordingly dismissed with costs, and the conduct of Messrs. Hogg was characterized from the bench as very unfair. There cannot be a doubt that the epithet is not a whit too strong. The Messrs. Hogg allowed their own idea to go to sleep for three years, and then took advantage of Mr. Maxwell's costly advertisements. But what concerns us chiefly is the preposterous condition of the law on the subject. The whole question of copyright must speedily be taken up by Parliament, or we shall become the laughing-stock of civilized nations for our indifference to common sense and common justice where the interests of projectors are concerned.

Another copyright case has been before the Court of Queen's Bench, having reference, however, to a musical, not a literary, work. It appears from the case of "Wood v. Boosey" that the registration at Stationers' Hall of Herr Bresler's adaptation of Nicolai's opera, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," as the actual work of Nicolai himself, has resulted in a failure of copyright in Herr Bresler's version. This is a gain to the public, who will get the music all the cheaper, but a serious loss to those who had invested money in the adaptation. Still, there is nothing to complain of, as far as the law is concerned. The version for the pianoforte would have been protected, had the plain requirements of the law been complied with. A very careless registration was effected, and the inevitable consequences must be borne.



A brief outline is given by a contemporary of Professor Robertson's first lecture on philosophy at University College, when about twenty persons were present, of whom several were visitors. "After a few words of introduction, he proceeded to assign the limits and direction of mental philosophy. He considered ethics and aesthetics mental sciences, but only subordinately. After reviewing briefly the history of metaphysics, he said the claims of metaphysics he considered extravagant; nor did he believe that any solid ground in that direction would ever be gained until the physical sciences had reached their term—although, of course, the study must not wait for that. The only satisfactory form of the study was, he thought, psychology, and the method of study should be that of science. Whilst the psychologist would not for a moment ignore the subjective or introspective side of the inquiry, he maintained that ours was an embodied mental life; and it would be cowardly to be driven to ignore established cerebral phenomena by the charge of 'materialism,' or the joke of being 'ganglionic.'"

Professor Goldwin Smith, on Monday evening, delivered at the Manchester Town Hall, a lecture on John Pym, one of the leaders of the Parliamentary party in the reign of Charles I. This was the first of four lectures on the political history of England.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley commenced, on Tuesday afternoon, a short course of lectures at the Royal Institution, "On the *Ancien Régime*, as it existed on the Continent before the French Revolution."

Mr. Dickens gave the first of his readings from "Mugby Junction" at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening.

"No connection with the other shop having the same name over the door," is an announcement one sometimes sees made in the windows of grocers' or other "establishments;" but it is a novelty to find the same thing done in the literary world. The following advertisement, however, appears in the daily papers:—"Mrs. Marsh Caldwell (formerly Mrs. Marsh) wishes to make known that the 'Mrs. Marsh' now publishing various novels is not the author of 'Emilia Wyndham,' who has published nothing since the year 1857.—Linley Wood, Staffordshire, Jan., 1867."

A gentleman of business in the City of London suggests that a bronze statue of Shakespeare should be set up on that part of the Thames Embankment fronting the Temple-gardens, and offers a premium of fifty guineas for the best design, twenty for the second, and ten for the third. As this gentleman is not connected with either literature or art, and desires a strict *incognito* to be preserved, the generosity of his offer will meet with general admiration, and we hope to see the statue erected.

According to the *Etendard*, Mr. Tennyson has presented a magnificent copy of his "Elaine," illustrated by Gustave Doré, to the Emperor of the French. About eight years ago, Mr. Tennyson, in his famous doggerel verses, "Form, form, riflemen, form!" reviled the Emperor as one whose designs were known only to the devil. Four years previously, he had reviled Mr. Bright as a "huckster," because he disapproved of the Crimean war: let us hope that Mr. Bright also will receive "a magnificent copy" of the illustrated poem.

The *Daily News* understands that a new political and literary paper, to be called the *Chronicle*, will shortly make its appearance among our weekly contemporaries. Its origin is due to persons connected with the late *Home and Foreign Review*, the principal contributors to which will form part of its staff. Its politics will be frankly Liberal, and its literary department will include a systematic criticism of all the leading publications in this country and abroad.

Early in April will appear the first number of a new journal, to be called the *Laboratory*, a *Weekly Record of Scientific Research*.

"The newspapers and literary journals which have recorded the untimely death of Alexander Smith," says the *Publishers' Circular*, "appear to have forgotten the occasion of his first appearance as a poet. It was, we believe, about fifteen years ago in the *Leader* newspaper, at that time displaying considerable originality and vigour, under the [literary] editorship of Mr. George Henry Lewes, that Mr. Smith first presented himself to London readers. The poem which he published then, if we remember correctly, formed a portion of his 'Life Drama,' which, afterwards continued in the *Critic*, and then completed and republished, first secured a reputation for its author. Some other poems of Mr. Smith's, published in the *Leader*, gave rise to a controversy not unlike that which has recently attended the publication of Mr. Swinburne's 'Poems and Ballads'—some critics objecting to Mr. Smith's poems on the ground of their alleged sensuality, from which charge, however, Mr. Lewes and others warmly defended him."

We regret to find, by a letter in the *Monde* from Count de Montalembert, that that eminent author, who some little time ago was said to have recovered from his severe illness, is still far from well. The Count writes:—"After eight months' treatment, the doctors abandon me to nature, without giving me any definite hope as to the term of my illness. However, they say I shall be cured sooner or later, and that I shall be better in the spring, without promising me a complete recovery by that time."

Another of those senseless duels in which French journalists are so frequently involved is talked about in Paris. We read in the *Bulletin de Paris*:—"An article, signed by M. Paul de Cassagnac, has deeply wounded certain susceptibilities across the Alps. The *Turin Gazette*, in its number of the 9th, publishes a challenge to the above-mentioned writer from Baron de Saint-André, ex-colonel of the army of Southern Italy. The same journal comments, in terms we abstain from reproducing, on the intemperate defiance of Baron de Saint-André, and adds that three Italian officers have started for Paris with the determination to demand satisfaction from the writer in the *Pays*." M. Paul de Cassagnac has since explained that, in his taunts directed against the Italian Government, army, and navy, he simply meant to say that the prosecution of Admiral Persano is both ungenerous and unjust; he did not intend to wound the feelings of the Italians. Whether this will stop the duel we do not yet know; but M. de Cassagnac has just been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for a libel upon M. Malespine, of the *Opinion Nationale*.

"It has been stated," says the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, "that M. Ponsard's new play *Galilée* had been prohibited by the Board of Censure. I am informed that the Emperor, who, as you are aware, lately appointed M. Ponsard Librarian at the Elysée, has removed the interdiction."

"Some interesting official statistics of literature," says the *Athenæum*, "have been recently published by M. Natoli, Minister of Public Instruction in Italy. These, which appear to have been collected with great care, show that there are 164 public and 46 private libraries in Italy, containing 4,149,281 volumes, principally of an ecclesiastical nature. M. Natoli states, as the result of his investigations into public libraries, that there are 6 volumes to every 100 persons in Great Britain; 11.7 to every 100 persons in France; 6.9 in Austria; 11 in Prussia; 1.3 in Russia; 26.4 in Bavaria; 10.4 in Belgium, and 19.5 in Italy."

It is proposed to establish an association for the protection of the press from frivolous prosecutions.

The *Round Table*, of New York, announces that Edgar Poe's native city, Baltimore, is about to issue, in sumptuous typography, his hitherto uncollected writings, embracing, it is added, some pieces never before printed. "This will be but a portion of his complete works, which will be copiously annotated and accompanied by a biography, of whose authorship we are not aware. An effort is being made in Baltimore to add a monument of Poe to those which already adorn the city, and for this half the estimated cost has been already subscribed."

M. Du Chaillu's new volume of travels, entitled "A Journey to Ashango Land, and Further Penetration into Equatorial Africa, with the Natural History, Manners, and Customs of the Country, and an account of the Obongo, a race of dwarfs," has just been published, with map and illustrations.

Messrs. LONGMANS & Co. announce, among new educational books in the press, "The Exemplar of Style, a Course of Reading Lessons, with Definitions, &c.," consisting of selections from the English classics and current literature; "The Senior Class Reader, a Course of Lessons, with Definitions, &c., in History, Geography, Literature, and Science," selected from the works of the most eminent writers; "Subsidia Primaria, being a companion book to the Public School Latin Primer," by the same editor; "The First Latin Parsing Book, adapted to the Public School Latin Primer," by John T. White; "The First Latin Exercise Book, being a companion book to the First Latin Parsing Book," by John T. White, D.D.; "Praxis Latini Primaria, adapted to the Public School Latin Primer," by John Day Collis, D.D.; "A New Latin Delectus, adapted to the Public School Latin Primer," by the Rev. H. Musgrave Wilkins; and Dr. Kennedy's "Palæstra Stili Latini" and "Curriculum Stili Latini," new editions of both works, adapted to the "Public School Latin Primer." The same house will publish, in a few days, a fifth edition, complete in 3 vols., of the late Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilization;" "A Selection from Cicero's Letters, with English Notes," by the Rev. E. St. John Parry; "A Book on Angling, a complete Treatise on the Art of Fishing in every Branch," by Francis Francis, with 15 plates (some coloured); "The Official Correspondence on the Claims of the United States in respect to the *Alabama*, &c. And they have now ready, corrected to January, 1867, their "Catalogue of School Books and Educational Works," comprising classified lists of about 750 works published by them in the usual branches of classical and English general educational literature.

Mr. MURRAY announces a new series of Choice Travels, under which title it is intended to issue new editions of voyages and travels, possessing permanent interest, in convenient-sized volumes: The Hon. Robert Curzon's "Visits to the Monasteries of the Levant," and Sir Francis Head's "Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau," are already issued, with illustrations, and are to be followed by Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes"; Mr. Layard's "Nineveh, a Popular Account of a First Expedition to Assyria"; and the popular narrative of the same author's "Nineveh and Babylon."

Mr. BENTLEY announces a "Life and Selections from the Correspondence and Autobiography of William Hazlitt," by his grandson, W. Carew Hazlitt, 2 vols., with portraits; "Lady Adelaide's Oath," by the author of "East Lynne," 3 vols.; "Good Cookery from the Recipes of the Hermit of St. Gover," by the Right Hon. Lady Llanover, with illustrations; "Old Trinity, a Story of Real Life," by T. Mason Jones, in 3 vols.; "Sitana, a Mountain Campaign on the Borders of Afghanistan in 1863," by Col. John Adye; and "Armstrong Magney," a story, by Heraclitus Grey, in 1 vol.

Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. have nearly ready a new and revised edition of Juvenal, by John E. B. Mayor, Fellow and Classical Lecturer of St. John's College, Cambridge; "A Shilling Book of New Testament History for National and Elementary Schools," by the Rev. G. F. Maclear; "Mechanics for Beginners," with illustrations, by I. Todhunter; &c.

Messrs. TRUBNER announce under the title of "Natal Sermons," a series of discourses preached by Bishop Colenso in his cathedral church of St. Peter's, Maritzburg, which are to be republished here under his sanction. Among these are discourses on "The Devouring Fire," "The Fallibility of the Scriptures," "Signs and Wonders," "Demoniacal Possession," and "Abraham's Sacrifice."

Messrs. RIVINGTONS are preparing for early publication, "Catena Classicorum," a Series of Classical Authors, edited by members of both Universities, under the direction of the Rev. Arthur Holmes and the Rev. Charles Bigg, M.A. The design of the series is to issue texts of all the authors which are commonly read, and to illustrate them with an English commentary, compendious as well as clear.

Messrs. HOULSTON & WRIGHT announce a new *Churchman's Shilling Magazine*, to be conducted by the Rev. R. H. Baynes, editor of the "Lyra Anglicana," &c. The opening tale in the serial will be by Miss Ada Cambridge, author of "Hymns on the Litany," "Holy Communion," &c.

Messrs. DEIGHTON, BELL, & Co., of Cambridge, have in the press—"Elementary Analytical Geometry for Schools and Beginners," by T. G. Vyvyan, Mathematical Master of Charterhouse; an "Introduction to Plane Co-ordinate Geometry," by W. P. Turnbull, Fellow of Trinity College, &c.



## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Anderson (J. C.), The Roman City of Uriconium. Cr. 8vo., 12s. 6d.  
 Aristophanes' Peace. With Translation and Notes by B. B. Rogers. Cr. 4to., 7s. 6d.  
 Bennet (W. H.), Select Biographical Sketches. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Buckle (H.), History of Civilization in England. New edit. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 4s.  
 Carleton (W.), Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry. New edit. 2 vols. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Cobden (R.), Political Writings. 2 vols. 8vo., £1. 4s.  
 Colonial Office List (The), 1867. 8vo., 6s.  
 Crabbe (Rev. G.), Life and Poetical Works. New edit. Royal 8vo., 7s.  
 Dod's Peerage, Baronage, and Knightage, 1867. 12mo., 10s. 6d.  
 Dublin University Calendar, 1867. 12mo., 3s. 6d.  
 Eadie (Dr. J.), Dictionary of the Bible. New edit. 18mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Foreign Office List (The), 1867. 8vo., 5s.  
 Garden Oracle, 1867. 12mo., 1s.  
 Gase (F. E. A.), Pocket French Dictionary.  
 Grove (W. R.), Address to the British Association. 2nd edit. 8vo., 2s. 6d.  
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 Lemon (Mark), Up and Down the London Streets. 8vo., 12s.  
 Little Songs for me to Sing. Illustrated by J. E. Millais. New edit. Royal 16mo., 6s.  
 Lobb (H.), Successful Oyster Culture. Cr. 8vo., 1s.  
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 Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History. By J. Murdock. New edit. 8vo., 8s.  
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 — (J. G.), Priests and Sacraments: Sermons. Fcap., 2s.  
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 Spurgeon (C. H.), Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit. Vol. XII. 8vo., 7s.  
 Taylor (J. E.), Lithographs: Four Lectures on Geology. Fcap., 3s.  
 Templeton (J. S.), Joint Stock Directory, 1867. 8vo., 12s. 6d.  
 Thom's Irish Almanack and Official Directory, 1867. 8vo., 12s. 6d.  
 —, with Dublin Directory. 8vo., 16s.  
 War Office List (The), 1867. 8vo., 4s. 6d.  
 Webster's Red Book, January, 1867. Cr. 8vo., 5s.

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